

THE ACADEMY

AND

LITERATURE

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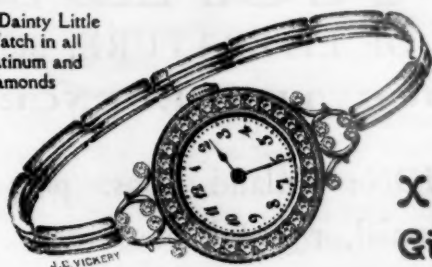
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Notes of the Week

WE notice that a recommendation of the Royal Commission upon the law's delay is the abolition of Grand Juries. We are not at all sure that the abolition of the Grand Jury at Assizes will not tend to lengthen proceedings, instead of shortening them. At the Assizes, unlike the Sessions, the Grand Jury consists of magistrates drawn from every part of the county, and there is nothing unreasonable in such a body reviewing the decisions of County and Borough Petty Sessions. Speaking for the County Benches with which we are acquainted, we think that they err but rarely in committing cases for trial. There are, however, County Benches and County Benches; some have as much work as usually falls to the lot of the ordinary stipendiary, others have hardly anything to do. It is to be remembered also that certain magistrates only attend once or twice in the year; their decisions, therefore, are practically worthless. In our own experience many cases have been committed both to the Assizes and the Sessions which capable and brave magistrates would have settled summarily. If, therefore, a Jury of twenty-three Justices is of opinion that no *prima facie* case has been established, it very properly throws out the bill, and the time of the Judge and the Petty Jury is accordingly saved. As regards Quarter Sessions, the case is somewhat different, because the jury is composed of untrained men who are not really fitted to review the decision of a Bench of magistrates. Having had no experience of Borough Benches except on committals, we cannot venture to express any opinion on the manner in which they discharge their duties; but in many cases it is said that their decision is in reality the decision of their clerk. Many clerks, being solicitors, are excellent lawyers, and thoroughly versed by experience in their duties; but we venture to think that the decision of a single solicitor as to committal may very well be reviewed by a Grand Jury at the Assizes, which always includes a number of men who belong, or

who have belonged, to the legal profession. Again, it should be remembered that positions on the Bench are often given with the view of gaining or retaining votes. The comic people who act in Lancashire certainly want the revision of a Grand Jury. They call them "working men." If they work, they cannot act on the Bench. If they shirk they can, and no doubt they will soon induce, by peaceful persuasion, a Radical Government pledged to economy and retrenchment to convert the "Great Unpaid" into the "Monstrously Overpaid."

The suggestion of the American Ambassador at the annual dinner of the Institute of Journalists in the London District, that the journalists of England and America "should visit each other, not merely for pleasure, but to do actual work in the newspaper offices," was meant very kindly and pleasantly, and perhaps seriously; but it would not work happily in practice. We are not yet accustomed to the bewildering half-columns of headlines with which enthusiasts from over the water would undoubtedly wish to decorate our journals; nor are we in love with some of the words which a glance at any American paper will show, expressive though a few of them may be. On the other hand, we can only suppose that our system of using merely three or four headlines to a column of small type (we except two or three ambitious evening sheets which revel in "scare" posters) would bore American subscribers almost to tears. They want the news before they read the article; it saves the bother of having to read the article afterwards.

"Programme" music will develop along new and startling lines if the latest idea of the Futurists becomes familiar. We have just been reading their recent manifesto, in which, among other remarkable statements, we find that there are sounds, noises, and odours "concave or convex, triangular, elliptic, oblong, conical, spherical, spiral; yellow, red, green, indigo, sky-blue, or violet." Hence, probably, the advanced notion of a "Noise Concert," at which, by the aid of various instruments specially constructed, the din of a railway-station, the uproar of a crowd, the clamour of printing-machines, the slamming of doors, and any other especially fascinating noise shall be produced within four walls at the wish of the performer. Most people would prefer the real thing to this laboured imitation, but there is no accounting for the behaviour of these leaders of art. Possibly we erred in terming a "Noise Concert" an advanced notion—is it not precisely the kind of entertainment which might have been given by the cave-dwellers? They could not have imitated machinery in motion, but they had plenty of other noises to choose from; and very likely they resembled the Futurists in another respect. They prided themselves that the clatter they produced was the very latest thing in music.

Parliamentary Eloquence

THE small volume published by Messrs. Macmillan,* reproducing the Rede Lecture delivered by Lord Curzon of Kedleston before the University of Cambridge in November last, must be a delight to anyone who has heard the great speakers of modern times. In a preliminary note it is stated that only a small portion of the Lecture was delivered at Cambridge, owing to limitations of time, but Lord Curzon's observation and train of thinking are now produced *in extenso*. The introduction is a learned exposition of the meaning of eloquence and rhetoric. In classical times Lord Curzon is of opinion that all the great orations were carefully prepared beforehand. It may be so, but it is also quite possible that they were carefully polished and edited afterwards. Except in cases of grave political import, I do not think that the prepared speech is by any means the most effective. When I started on my first cruise in the stormy waters of public speaking, I carefully prepared my speeches; with the result that an interruption was apt to bring about shipwreck.

Lord Morley is reported once to have said: "Three things matter in a speech—who says it, how he says it, and what he says; and of the three the last matters least." On page 43 Lord Curzon, referring to Mr. Balfour's method of speaking, writes: "His own idea of the best speech-making, I expect, would be that the thought is all-important, and that the form, which is accidental, temperamental, and secondary, may be left to look after itself." If this is true of Mr. Balfour, I think from personal observation that it was absolutely true of the late Lord Salisbury. Lord Curzon writes: "He cared nothing for the platform; he made no conscious effort to attract or conciliate his hearers: he was invariably thinking of his subject rather than of them;" and Lord Salisbury's method, when speaking in the House of Lords, was precisely the same. I remember him well, sitting negligently on the table and looking towards the stranger's gallery, evolving, apparently without effort, an intricate argument which always fell into logical sequence. It was not attractive, but the style was undeniably powerful.

I do not share in Lord Curzon's hero-worship of Mr. Gladstone as a speaker; I considered him ungainly, and his strong provincial accent was extremely disagreeable. The copiousness of his vocabulary was unlimited, and he poured an avalanche of words upon his audience which completely overwhelmed them. The author very truly remarks that "it is difficult to believe that the interminable and involved harangues which he delivered in Mid Lothian in 1879 were the spell which stirred the heart of an entire nation, upset a powerful Minister, and carried the speaker to the pin-

nacle of power." For my sins, I read these speeches as reported in forty-seven columns of the *Times*, and have always said that the whole of the material could have been condensed into Mr. Balfour's historic half-sheet. The performance was indeed a triumph of verbosity, which Mr. Disraeli described in rather unflattering terms. I am entirely unable to concur with Lord Curzon's opinion that a flood of language spells an orator. The estimation of Disraeli is much better; he was not an orator—he was scarcely eloquent; but the unexpected although prepared flashes which he shot out made it a perpetual delight to listen to his speaking.

It is impossible, in the space at disposal, to do more than refer to the speakers with whom I was personally acquainted. Lord Curzon has only a passing reference to the late Lord Cairns, the Lord Chancellor; and yet he admits that he was in the House of Lords when Lord Cairns delivered the best speech which I have ever heard on the disgraceful evacuation of the Transvaal in 1880. That speech should and would have carried Lord Cairns to the leadership of the party, but for his strong evangelical and Orange opinions, which were anathema to the aristocratic assembly in which he sat. The speech on the Transvaal was evidently very carefully prepared, because Lord Cairns held in his hand a small bound book of notes. Nevertheless, the speech was transcendent, and I regret that Lord Curzon has not bestowed higher praise upon its author. The late Duke of Argyle was certainly an eloquent speaker, but there were all the arts of preparation about his orations—and orations they were. The impressiveness however was marred by a supernaturally solemn attitude which always suggested a funeral, and more than once suggested it with effect, because the party whom he attacked gave up the ghost shortly afterward.

It is not easy quite to gauge the rank in which Mr. Joseph Chamberlain should be placed. In the riding-school at Welbeck, and on platforms at Leeds, Sheffield, and Wakefield, he was always effective, because he was earnest; but it would be idle to suggest that he was a very attractive speaker. It was rather character than style which gained for him the pre-eminence to which he attained, and in this connection we combat the opinion of Lord Curzon that Mr. David Plunket was an orator. He had charm of manner, a fine presence, and a flow of language, but what he said was not worth remembering the next morning. At the great meeting at the Opera House in 1886, when Lord Cowper, Lord Salisbury, Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen, and Peter Rylands appeared on the same platform in opposition to Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill, there was a splendid opportunity of contrasting styles, and although Rylands had not the grace of many of the other speakers, his speech carried the audience with him as none of the others did, and therefore is entitled, in my opinion, to be classed as a triumph of eloquence, if not of oratory.

* *Modern Parliamentary Eloquence*. By EARL CURZON OF KEDLESTON. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Ethics of American Journalism

SURELY a genial essayist should find a congenial theme in the first knock of a newspaper reporter on a man's door. It marks an epoch in that man's life; it signifies that he has reached a certain station; that he is, from that moment, a marked man. He is at least of one-reporter power. He may advance further, and reach a stage where the gentlemen of the press visit him two or three at a time. He may then of right regard himself as something of a personage indeed. Later, when the pressmen wait upon him by whole committees, not with their once timid knock, but with a united demand that he stand and deliver what he knows, he may be sure that the public has taken him to itself as a big man, with a vast respect for his opinions and a terrifying curiosity to know what those opinions are. He becomes, as it were, the prisoner of the public. Wherever he may go, the press advances upon him, armed with the mighty warrant of that public curiosity. This is the road to greatness, at least in America.

Nothing amuses the American pressman more than the shock to the average Englishman of note who steps down the gang-plank in New York and for the first time encounters this accurate and deadly system of celebrity. All unsuspecting, or perhaps in a glow of gratification, he walks into the embrace of this reception committee from the American public—and is immediately aghast at the range, the freedom, the embarrassing frankness of its curiosity. He is even more aghast when he reads in next morning's papers his return fire to yesterday's battery of questioners. It may have been necessary to translate him into American terms, certainly; but—the freedom of the translation!

The outraged gentleman is labouring under a misapprehension. All those, outside America or within it, who are appalled at the American press, labour under a misapprehension. There are still citizens of the States with an old-fashioned, an almost foreign amazement at the license with which American editors have come to interpret the right to untrammelled speech. They still shake their heads over the prosperity of journals that crowd their columns with accounts of divorce trials; that devote pages to the celebrity of criminals; that anticipate the judgment of the courts; that send their reporters upon a thousand and one invasions of private life; and have even, on occasion, inflamed their eager publics to the pitch of war. To these saddened and old-fashioned readers, the public taste which sanctions such matter, and rewards its publication with a huge circulation, has become hopelessly vulgar. Yet these honest folk are as much mistaken as all others who have failed to appreciate the peculiar functions which our press has assumed.

In England, for instance, the newspaper is intended to purvey the news. The case is quite different in the States—and altogether with public permission. The open secret is that the American newspaper is designed

primarily to entertain. The news is included almost as a secondary matter, for the gratification of those with a lingering prejudice for the dry facts of life. This has come to pass because our people have acquired a liking to be shown life in nothing but its pictorial, its picturesque guise. The prosperity of journals whose editors have discovered this has influenced all the others. So a convention, a standard of taste has been built up; and the reporter, anxious to rise in his profession, is the first to subscribe to the code. The result is that our press represents us as both better and worse than we are. No "monkey" dinner at Newport is ever in quite such deplorable taste as this conventionalised exaggeration of the press represents it. But on the other hand, no motor-car, sufficiently wrecked to deserve space in the daily prints, be it the merest barrow, is ever anything but "a big touring car."

Naturally, the old-fashioned among us who, like our friends the foreigners, cling to a preference for taking their newspapers seriously and literally, are appalled. But the American newspaper, except a few of the soberest sheets, is not designed to be taken quite seriously. Its editor rather counts upon the intelligence of his readers, or upon their sense of humour, to make the necessary allowances for his reporters' habitual stretching. Occasionally, as when a popular murder trial is being staged, this tendency on the part of the reporter to handle his facts with an eye to decorative effect will pall upon even the most lenient taste. It is reputed that in Boston, not long ago, the last hours of a murderer awaiting a most richly deserved death-penalty were rendered of an almost anæsthetic sweetness as he followed in the Sunday press the thrilling sensations through which a few imaginative reporters supposed him to be passing. But it may be said with entire safety that few others regard this "sob stuff" with quite the same enthusiasm. It may have openly offended the more exacting readers. Nevertheless, we have all acquired the easy habit of dismissing as "a newspaper story" any public happening that is too obviously enlarged upon by the reportorial imagination. And it may be stated as an axiom that the very best of readers who, in this instance, picking up their Sunday paper, found not a single small paragraph of feeling reference to the condemned murderer's last moments, would have felt a secret disappointment.

In answer to our own demand, our newspapers have become a sort of free and easy commentary on the drama of life. In response, it must be, to some deep-seated national appetite, they have ceased to be newspapers merely; they are a sort of literature in the raw. Unconsciously, perhaps, they register a popular revolt against the dust and drab of our life. Filled sometimes too full with the spirit of romance, the American press is a standing refutation to the silly charge that we are nothing but a mob of money-grubbers.

To trace the forces that have brought about this metamorphosis since the days of Horace Greeley would make an interesting volume; but a volume it would make,

just the same. It is enough that the change is here, and that Greeley and Dana and their day have departed, for better or for worse. It is curious, too, how this change has altered what our orators were once proud to mention, to flatter, to ogle—"the power of the press." Time was when a good American might, on going to bed, think in a particular way on national affairs; and be surprised to find himself thinking the exact opposite at the breakfast-table on reading Greeley's editorial. But now, except possibly at election times, when his privileges as a pressman behind the scenes have informed him as to matters upon which he may still enlighten his public, no American editor would venture to think his own daily column of comment upon affairs much more influential than the articles of his music or dramatic reviewer. He may write a little more gravely, as befits discussion of the more serious drama of life; but in the face of the more alert and critical audience that he now addresses, his sense of humour forbids him from risking more than modest approval or disapproval of the outstanding interests of the day.

And yet, despite all this, the celebrated power of the press remains with us in full force. It has passed from the editor to the reporter. The editor still directs it, but no longer by what he may say from his own tripod; he wields it through the freedom that he allows to his reporters. We are all too independent to take dictation from a mere editor, even a Greeley; but none can escape the subtle, impersonal influence of the reporter, who has the whole enormous range and power of psychologic suggestion in his hand.

And—startling as the statement may appear—this is in the main a good thing, this bold quest for the uttermost in publicity. It cannot help being in the first place, a tremendous educational force. No one has ventured to estimate the great aid that our unfettered press must have lent in arousing the new public spirit which is now making itself felt over erring corporations, over political "bosses," and all the other sinners that the new public opinion elected President Wilson to sweep out. Thanks to the American newspaper, the life of every individual, whether he likes it or not, is being made intimately known to his fellows. We are all learning, rich and poor, the uttermost about the other fellow's lot. As a moral corrective the value of this outspokenness is immense. The man willing to kick over the civil or moral traces knows now that he can no longer bring off his fault in secret. The inquisitive, indefatigable reporter, with a warrant of public curiosity, will be ever on his trail. In a hundred ways the national taste and imagination must, in the long run, be improved and not degraded, in being trusted with this full and unblushing display of the whole unexpurgated drama of life. The lot of the unhappy is more quickly discovered; we are less apt to neglect talent in this restless search for the ever new and interesting revelation.

Happily, too, this zest for turning life inside out

necessarily drags to light its own drawbacks. In hiding nothing, it discloses those, ready for the grappling. How many other criminals are we manufacturing from this unlimited, and too often admiring, attention to the lives of desperate wrong-doers? How many of the simply hysterical are we sending into the frankly abnormal class? Divorce, elopement, a thousand irregularities, are made to seem common and pardonable, even acceptable and romantic, by these ceaselessly repeated accounts in the public press. Nevertheless, even those who are readiest to detect these abuses are the first to believe that this unbridled publicity must not be sacrificed, if only for its corrective values. The appetite for the picturesque is healthy and legitimate, and only wants control. In a sense it is a measure of the vitality of our people. If they themselves are sound, the ills of our press are in the way of automatic remedy. Sobriety will come with satiety. Rioting in their freedom, our papers have gone too far in satisfying the national taste for seeing life whole. They have been telling the story of our lives like a pack of gossips. They have blabbed, garbled, insinuated, and the worst of them have done outright injury to individuals and to the public. But there is nothing inherently dangerous in a system under which everything, even excess, is dragged into the open. If it is not yet, one day our press will be, "up to" the character of our people. In the long run the public edits its own newspapers. There are tokens now that red ink and foot-high headlines have ceased to sell editions as they once did. All that is good in their candour and audacity will save itself automatically; and the discipline that awaits them at the hands of public taste is sure to come the more quickly by reason of their very excesses—on the principle that the surest and quickest way to a thrashing is to be very uproarious indeed.

BURTON KLINE.

Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Ghosts Up-to-date

BY ALFRED BERLYN.

THERE is nothing which experience in all ages has taught the world more plainly than that superstition, in some form or other, is as inevitable to the mind as are hunger and thirst to the body. You may bundle it out—as the old Roman satirist said of Nature herself—with a pitchfork, but nevertheless it will come back again. Just lately it has been coming back to our popular literature with a vengeance, after a curious interval of determined and apparently successful suppression.

Those who are old enough to recall the typical Christmas fiction of the Dickens era, and of a short period after its close, retain to this day a vivid recollection of the stories of supernatural visitants which used to freeze their young blood and send them

quaking to bed, "distilled almost to jelly with the act of fear," at each recurrence of the season. Then came, somewhere about the 'nineties, a strange reaction of materialism, in which the once-indispensable bogies of Yuletide fiction suffered an ignominious eclipse, and story-writers found it as much as their place was worth to introduce any element of the apparently supernatural which was not capable of a severely practical explanation. But, as anyone with the least understanding of human mentality might have foretold, this seeming triumph of dull, unimaginative "common sense" was destined to be short-lived. Within the last half-dozen years or so the atmosphere of the uncanny has reasserted itself in our popular fiction, especially at the season of the year which we are now approaching; and it cannot be denied, by those who have had experience of both, that the new-style ghosts of current literature are presenting themselves in an even more thrilling and decidedly more artistic shape than was assumed by their predecessors of mid-Victorian days—or, to be strictly accurate, nights.

If the truth must be told, the story-book and magazine ghost of the older dispensation, viewed in the light of our modern progress in "psychic" matters, was rather a crude, blundering kind of other-world derelict. To begin with, there was an aimless promiscuity about his casual appearances which argued in him a sadly limited capacity for the intelligent application of means to ends. More often than not, he would reveal his terrifying presence to mortals who were not only innocent of any offence to him during his earthly career, but were in complete ignorance both of his identity and of the motive which induced him to prefer the pale glimpses of the moon to the repose of his freehold tenement in the churchyard. And having thus taken a mean advantage, he would incontinently vanish, quite satisfied with the childishly malicious achievement of having frightened somebody—it mattered not whom—leaving the explanation to be evolved, if at all, from the lumber-store of local legend or family tradition.

It must be allowed that Marley's ghost was a conspicuous exception to this general rule of spectral stupidity and bad manners, since he not only explained his visitation in ample detail, but justified it by the performance of a work of regeneration beyond the power of the most efficient mundane missionary. But Marley's ghost, in spite of his clanking chain and his awful lower jaw, was, after all, something of a serio-comic shade; and even he was not proof against the incongruity which caused these old-style ghosts to select the traditional season of mirth as an annual period of specially free indulgence in their hair-raising activities. Oddly enough, it never seems to have occurred to the creators of these Christmastide bogies that they were themselves setting at defiance one of the most venerable and beautiful of superstitions, exquisitely expounded by Shakespeare in the opening scene of "Hamlet":

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

This, it will be seen, puts the Christmas ghost completely out of court; and it must be regarded as a crowning proof of the old-fashioned spectre's contempt for the fitness of things that he nevertheless maintained to the last his irreverent habit of treating the festival of the Nativity, and especially its eve, as *par excellence* his busy season.

However, it is now some time since he vanished, as we have seen, into the limbo of back numbers; and his present-day successor is a far more finished product. Not only that, but he—or, rather, it—is endowed with subtler and more gruesome powers of terror than those at the command of any white-sheeted spook who ever "squeaked and gibbered" through an old-fashioned ghost-story. For its supreme capacity for infecting the imagination with nameless dread and horrible apprehension resides in the fact that it never reveals itself in visible form at all. It is an atmosphere, an influence—a terrible "something" that can be felt, and that brings with it a shuddering suggestion of the near though invisible presence of the Powers of Darkness. It permeates buildings on which a curse has been laid, beats with its unseen wings upon walls which have closed in dark scenes of ancient crime, invests with a gleam of sinister life the counterfeit presentments of wicked forbears in ancestral picture-galleries, and glows in the cavernous eye-sockets of mummy cats. To the obscure working of its mysterious, brooding devilry can be attributed occurrences far more unnerving than the apparition of any disembodied spirit who ever revisited its old "haunts" in visible and questionable shape. "Things seen," said Tennyson, "are mightier than things heard"; but in the sphere of ghostly influence and spiritual terror, things felt are surely the mightiest of all.

As manipulated by imaginative writers like Mr. Algernon Blackwood and others, the new-style ghost has already achieved many triumphs, and its continued popularity seems assured. Not the least of its advantages is its security from the ridicule which was eventually the undoing of its clumsy predecessor. Even the most frivolous of sceptics cannot laugh successfully at the suggestion of mystic influences surrounding us, which normally give little or no visible sign of their presence, but the potential existence of which it is impossible to disprove, presumptuous with any confidence to deny. And it is just as well that we should have our literature of superstition in an artistic and acceptable form, since have it in some form or other we must. For nothing is more certain than that man, for ever unable to pluck out the heart of the cardinal mystery of his own existence, will remain a superstitious animal to the end of the chapter.

REVIEWS

Irish and Other Verse

Irish Poems. By KATHARINE TYNAN. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Secret Hill. By RUTH and CELIA DUFFIN. (Maunsel and Co. 1s. net.)

Irishry. By JOSEPH CAMPBELL. (Maunsel and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

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Companionship. By ADELE WARREN. (John Long. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Modern Poet, and Other Verses. By W. H. HARWOOD. (Constable and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

ONE of these days some enterprising individual will be announcing the discovery of the authentic Pierian spring in some glen of the Green Isle. It really seems as though one out of every three books of verse that come to hand is Irish, either wholly or in part, genuine and native or imitative and allusive. Some experiment fearfully with the Irish dialect, some rhapsodise, others give evidence of a real poetic movement. Of the three confessedly Irish volumes now before us, the first bears no new name. Katharine Tynan has many admirers; hers is distinctly a singing muse, and her poems always give the minimum impression of effort or artifice. There is nothing here, perhaps, that will add to her laurels in any startling degree, but there are some notable new essays in the old style. We know no one other than Katharine Tynan who could have expressed so perfectly the idea of divine motherhood in the Madonna and her Babe as she has done in "Epiphany," nor could any have ennobled a commonly despised creature more effectively than she, when she speaks for "the little ass of Christ" that "carried Him ere He was born." Of the poems more specifically Irish many will appreciate the wistfulness of "The Mist That's Over Ireland" and the fresh beauty of "Shanganagh"; but mothers and exiles and mystics will be the most understanding readers of the book. The poems are wealthy in dedications; only one or two orphan numbers provide exceptions to the rule, and a number of the names belong to well-known people. Lucky friends of Mrs. Hinkson!—lucky Mrs. Hinkson to have so many friends!

There is work of good quality in "The Secret Hill," the dual authorship of which has produced a very amicable little volume. A novel and prolific fancy, finished workmanship and an appreciable poetic impulse are revealed by both authors alike: if we make distinctions there is rather more of the gossamer of faëry in Miss Ruth Duffin's verses, and a deeper, more sombre note of real life in (we presume) her sister

Celia's. The former is at her best in "Romance" and "The Vagrant," an Irish character-sketch; but Miss Celia's "After the Squall" and "I Have Built a Town" are perhaps the best things in the book. The last named may be read as a parable of a cultivated life, and has a shrewd significance:

Mine, all mine, I built it, and lo! it grew;
I blasted the mountain and hewed the wood,
Drained the wet bogland and planted a town,
And it grew, and men said it was good.

Mine, all mine, the shops and the streets well lighted,
The traffic unending, the ceaseless mill.
But what of the sheep-tracks rough with boulders,
And night-mists falling in valleys still?

Lost, all lost! For one glimpse at even
Of silent boglands where shadows pass,
I would blast my town to the gates of Hell
And bury my weary head in the grass.

Mr. Joseph Campbell has already done strong work, as those who are familiar with "The Mountainy Singer" and "The Gilly of Christ" well know. The poems in "Irishry" continue the tradition he has made for himself. It is wonderfully original, bracing work, unconventional in thought, curiously stark and graphic in vision and expression. Mr. Campbell knows exactly where poetry begins and where it ends; he perceives unerringly, sets down with economy, and drops his pen at the right moment, so that his poems leave the reader marvelling, as it were, on the edge of revelation. Striking examples of this poetic efficiency are "The Scholar" and "The Tinkers." Mr. Campbell can imprison the breath of big things in a very small compass: "The Young Girl," "The Milk-boy" and "The Mill Girl" are all dramas in little; his strokes are as bold and sudden as those of a cartoon, yet shrewd and delicate, drawn with the cunning of inspiration. This lovely little poem, called "The Old Woman," will give some idea of his powers:

As a white candle
In a holy place,
So is the beauty
Of an aged face.

As the spent radiance
Of the winter sun,
So is a woman
With her travail done.

Her brood gone from her,
And her thoughts as still
As the waters
Under a ruined mill.

Mr. Campbell is, of course, fervently Irish, and in some places rather mordantly so.

Perhaps no poet could possibly have been found fitter than Mr. Masefield to introduce such a collection as Mr. Phillimore's, for the management of poetic art

confessed in these pages is very similar to his own. Take these lines from "The City Dustheaps":

Oh! it's only the girls from the dust-heaps
Where it is squashy underfoot
With cabbages, where broken shards
Stink as they litter up the yards,
Where old love-letters and business cards,
And waste of morals and art and mind,
Compete together in the wind
To make a hell of a special kind.

Probably ninety-nine people out of a hundred reading those lines as they stand would say in effect: "Poetry?—that is not poetry; it is garbage!" And on ninety-nine counts they would be right. Indeed, we are far from liking them ourselves; there is certainly no beauty in them, either as regards subject or treatment. Yet a little earlier in the same poem we have something very different:

Against the head of a granite stair
I catch a glimpse of red-gold hair,
And a grace of limb that I knew somewhere
In a time that's not now, in a place not here.

But if we are to understand Mr. Phillimore at all it would be as unfair to take these lines alone as to take the others alone; his poems refuse to be judged by extracts or by chance lines, starry or muddy. One must read to the end, when it will be strange if, after all, he has not transmitted that thrill of revelation which belongs to the spirit of poetry. If there is realism it is not of that nasty kind which revels in offensiveness; it is rather a set-off and a finger-post to the higher thing. In the instance from which we have quoted, the final sublimation is the disclosure of beauty in an unexpected and despised setting, only Mr. Phillimore's method is that of deriving the resultant from an impact of forces. He writes down what he has seen exactly as it was presented, both to his outward and to his inward eye, inducing in the reader the same spiritual process; and he is so intent on imparting the essential thing in the same way in which he experienced it that he is careless of tickling the palate *en route*. The moot point, we suppose, is as to whether the poet is justified in so giving us the scaffolding of his thought, in reproducing the media of his revelation without regard to their intrinsic beauty, or, to change the metaphor once again, in making us a present of the retort with the distillation. But that is only one poem, and one of the most discussible. There others of immediately conclusive quality: poems like "A Confession," "Content," "To All Land Children," and the unnamed lyric, number 12. Mr. Phillimore does not attempt to preach any consistent philosophy. He uses metre in a free manner, and rhymes according to a very loose scheme. Moreover, a line like this is indefensible on any theory:

Of late this choice neighbourhood much has developed.

But all the same, the stuff of this book is so virile and original that it is worth any man's while to read it.

Those who find a fascination in *la vie de Bohème* will discover most of the traditional features in Paragot's "Ballads": wine and girls and tobacco, slang and vulgarity, a good deal of "Tra-la-la" and the kind of measure favoured by seaside pierrots. As for the other verses, when Paragot is serious he is generally commonplace. There is a slender "Phœbead" of four numbers, a couple of "Pageant Songs" which doubtless served their purpose well enough, and some others; even here there is a dash of Irish. Indeed, if there is one worth rescuing from the rest, it is a pleasant little thing called "Innis Farrel"—but it will be for certain musical qualities; the sentiment is sufficiently well-worn and the expression not very novel.

Why will not our fledgling poets get a little critical advice before plunging into publication? Miss Warren has none but herself to blame if she meets with sweeping condemnation at the hands of her reviewers, for some of her productions are the most hopeless rubbish, and she has been unwise enough to set the worst of these in the forefront of her volume. What are we to think when we open on stuff like this?

The golden light o'er azure waves now roams,
Glistening in diamond foams;
And while the jasmine beams of earth surprise
Her aureate flames, they rise
And lure the wanderer from his leafy lair
To scent the verdured air.

If Miss Warren herself knows what it means she is fortunate. For our part, we are left scatter-witted. "Jasmine beams of earth"? "Verdured air"? Who is the wanderer who possesses a leafy lair and goes about scenting verdured air? We pass to the second item, "Logos," which opens:

Chastened is brilliance, "everlasting Father,"*

the asterisk referring us to Isaiah ix, 6, unhelpfully; and after wading through many dark sayings, as of "diamonds fast snowing," we are presently assured:

And now we see the darkened cloud argent.

Only a patient persistence commonly accounted foreign to us bears us up to the discovery of better things in "Dawn" and the concluding "Rhododendron and Violets." But on the way we have also deciphered Miss Warren's ailment: it is that of immaturity; she feels and imagines, but has not yet learnt what to do with her feelings and imaginings. Instead of disciplining her mind and setting down her emotions in simple, straightforward manner, she becomes incoherent, falls a prey to unmanageable adjectives, and drops now and again into prose and bathos. It is a pity; but perhaps she will have grown wiser before she launches her next argosy.

Mr. Harwood's fault is not incomprehensibility; no superflux of sensation renders him incoherent. His

verse runs calmly and evenly enough—in fact, pedestrian is the word that best characterises it. He and Miss Warren fail for precisely opposite reasons; what one misses in this book is the note of ecstasy, the taut vitality of restrained but clear-sighted emotion. His Pegasus never rises far from the ground; he does not re-create, does not, poetically speaking, convince. Perception and expression alike lack the extra-intensity of the poet; are little removed from what hundreds of his fellow-men perceive and express in ordinary prose. A verse or two taken at random will demonstrate this:

The mystery of pain and sin and sorrow,
And of that shoreless sea
Whither we wend and may be whirled to-morrow,
Unmapped eternity,

Has proved insoluble to all the sages,
Sinners and saints of yore;
Perplexes us, and in the coming ages
Will baffle myriads more.

Which is undoubtedly true, and is passably well put . . . and what more is there to say? The fancy forms—rondeau, ballade, and so forth—Mr. Harwood manages with tolerable success; one feels that care and patience have been expended on the effort and the rules have been faithfully observed. In a word, as the author's prefatory "acknowledgments" bear out, it is all fairly respectable newspaper verse of the order favoured by certain evening journals.

An Estimate of Borrow

George Borrow and His Circle. By CLEMENT KING SHORTER. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. SHORTER'S title is an unfortunate one, for Borrow had no "circle." None the less, the numerous letters and extracts presented to us by the author under this title, together with the result of his own researches, will enable the devout Borrowian to form a much more complete and accurate idea of George Borrow's character and methods than was previously the case. The only fault we have to find with Mr. Shorter's presentation to us of the material at his disposal is that he has too often fallen into the temptation of obscuring the main issue by the introduction of great masses of information concerning personages whose connection with Borrow was of the flimsiest possible nature. In his introduction the author reviews the existing works concerning the life of Borrow by way of apology for adding to their number. No such apology was needed for so important a contribution to our knowledge of the author of "Lavengro." We are told a great deal concerning his parentage and birthplace, and a greater part of such information is of interest in view of the erroneous supposition still current that Borrow was of gipsy extraction. Borrow was proud of the fact that he was born in the town where Cowper was buried,

"Pretty, quiet D— (Dereham), with thy venerable church, in which moulder the mortal remains of England's sweetest and most pious bard." To be strictly accurate, Borrow was not born in Dereham at all, but in an adjoining village. Still, his association with a town in which the memory of the "sweetest and most pious bard" was so green undoubtedly exercised a powerful influence upon his impressionable nature.

The true version of his celebrated running away from school is here set before us, and Mr. Shorter is at enormous pains to determine the exact part which Dr. Martineau played in the consequent birching. But he is not, as the modern biographer commonly is, a blind hero-worshipper. Indeed, the value of the present work lies largely in the fact that it enables us to see Borrow's numerous shortcomings in their true light, and thereby to form a saner estimate of the man. His veracity was perhaps not always unimpeachable. But what matters it whether Borrow's father ever met and defeated in the flesh that champion pugilist, Big Ben Brain? And for any asperity there might be in him in his later years there was surely good cause; the author of "Lavengro" might reasonably feel himself aggrieved by a generation which remained unimpressed by so great a masterpiece. We learn a great deal about a number of more or less interesting persons with whom Borrow came into contact during his restless career, Phillips, the general-issimo of an "army of literary hacks," who married a young lady for her talent in the preparation of vegetable pie; Thurtell, the backer of pugilists, who was hanged for murder; Sir John Bowring; and Edward Fitzgerald, the only friend with whom Borrow never quarrelled.

"No one understands Borrow who does not realise that his real interests were not in literature, but in action." Therefore it is that Mr. Shorter shows us the friend of prizefighters, the powerful swimmer, the lover of fresh air, rather than the man of letters. It is as an aid to the proper appreciation of Borrow's character that such a work as this is primarily valuable, and, secondly, as a commentary upon his methods. In regard to the latter, the account of Borrow's connection with the Bible Society is especially interesting, although we are still not in possession of sufficient evidence upon which to judge of his real convictions upon religious matters. Of his arrogance we are often reminded in these pages; characteristic of him is the way in which, in 1839, he writes to his mother from Seville: "But let them adopt or let any other people adopt any other principle than that on which I act, and everything will miscarry." That he was proud, boastful, intolerant, detracted rather from his own enjoyment of life than from our enjoyment of the fruits of his genius. Mr. Shorter sums up the matter admirably, thus: "He was a good hater and a whole-hearted lover, and to be thus is to fill a certain uncomfortable but not discreditable place in the scheme of things." It is by reason of his very weakness that Borrow makes so powerful an appeal to our generation, which seeks help and not criticism in the problem of life.

A Book of Sonnets

The Golden Book of English Sonnets. Selected by
WILLIAM ROBERTSON, M.A. (Harrap and Co.
3s. 6d. net.)

"*Un sonnet sans défaut vaut seul un long poëme,*" wrote Boileau; and certainly it was well said, many years ago, that although a little thing may give perfection, perfection is not a little thing. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that our greatest poets have written the finest sonnets, and it is only necessary to recall the names of Shakespeare, Milton, Keats and Wordsworth, to realise that such is the case. Moreover, Shelley's "Ozymandias," Byron's "Chillon," and Rossetti's "On Refusal of Aid Between Nations," may be cited in evidence as being sonnets not unworthy of their illustrious authors. The late Lord Lytton very truly observed that "the sonnet is a form of verse which most severely tests the art of the poet. It admits of no mediocrity. It must be written with the fist instead of the finger; and yet with a delicacy of manipulation of which none but the finest and most skilful finger is capable."

There have been many sonnet-books published since Capel Lofft, in 1812-14, made his famous anthology of sonnets in six languages, entitled "Laura," which was followed by Leigh Hunt's equally well-known selection some forty years later. But, as Mr. Robertson rightly points out in his preface, most of these books are already out of print, and, of course, none of them contained examples of the excellent sonnet-literature which has issued from the press during recent years. One cannot expect to find in them any specimens, for instance, of the work of Mr. Robert Bridges, Mr. Edmond Holmes, Dr. Herbert Warren, Mr. W. L. Courtney, Mr. Coulson Kernahan, Mr. Lawrence Binyon, Lord Alfred Douglas, the Hon. Maurice Baring, Mrs. Margaret L. Woods, Canon Rawnsley, the late Professor Romanes, Francis Thompson, the Dean of Norwich (Dr. Beeching), Mr. A. C. Benson, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mr. Henry Newbolt, and Mr. A. St. John Adcock, all of whom are included in this "Golden Book of English Sonnets." On the whole, the editor has executed a difficult task with much skill, and there is little doubt that for the next twenty years or more this selection will be regarded as the most excellent sonnet-anthology of recent date.

There are, it is needless to observe, a few slight defects to which the critics will not fail to draw attention; for Lord Hanmer and W. B. Scott are omitted, and the selections from Swinburne and the late Professor Dowden do not include their best work. On page 147 we find a sonnet in which John Addington Symonds incorrectly rhymes "campaniles" (cam-pane-lea) with "pearls"; and on page 236 another sonnet ending:

And 'neath thy shadowy hair, thy serene face
Makes sanctuary in the holy place.

in which the last line appears to have lost one of its feet. Wordsworth's "To Toussaint L'Ouverture," and Mr. W. S. Blunt's "The Sublime," should not have been overlooked.

On the other hand, we are grateful to Mr. Robertson for giving us an excellent selection from the sonnets of Drummond, of Hawthornden, who has been aptly designated "The Petrarch of Scotland"; but we do not know that any of them are more beautiful than "Genius Loci," by Mrs. Margaret L. Woods (page 228), although it ends with an Alexandrine:

Peace, Shepherd, peace! What boots it singing on?
Since long ago grace-giving Phoebus died,
And all the train that loved the stream-bright side
Of the poetic mount with him are gone
Beyond the shores of Styx and Acheron,
In unexplored realms of night to hide.
The clouds that strew their shadows far and wide
Are all of Heaven that visits Helicon.

Yet here, where never muse or god did haunt,
Still may some nameless power of Nature stray,
Pleased with the reedy stream's continual chant
And purple pomp of these broad fields in May.
The shepherds meet him where he herds the kine,
And careless pass him by whose is the gift divine.

But there is another very beautiful sonnet in Mr. Robertson's anthology (page 140), which we feel compelled to quote. It is by that now almost forgotten poet, Thomas Ashe, and is entitled "The Brook":

Brook, happy brook, that glidest through my dell;
That trippest with soft feet across the mead;
That, laughing on, a mazy course dost lead,
O'er pebble beds, and reeds, and rushy swell;
Go by that cottage where my love doth dwell,
Ripple thy sweetest ripple, sing the best
Of melodies thou hast; lull her to rest
With such sweet tales as thou dost love to tell.
Say, "One is sitting in your wood to-night,
O maiden rare, to catch a glimpse of you;
A shadow fleet, or but a window-light,
Shall make him glad, and thrill his spirit through."
Brook, happy brook, I pray, go lingering;
And underneath the rosy lattice sing.

It is satisfactory to find that the unique and remarkable sonnet by Francis Bacon is included in the anthology, but, we understand, that Mr. Robertson is strictly orthodox as regards his views respecting the origin of the Shakespeare plays.

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

The next lectures at the Institution of Electrical Engineers are to be given as follows: On January 8, 1914, by H. R. Speyer, "The Development of Electric Power for Industrial Purposes in India," and on January 22, by Sir Oliver Lodge, D.Sc., F.R.S., the Fifth Kelvin Lecture. Members desirous of taking part in the discussion are requested to send in their names.

Hodge at Home

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

Folk of the Furrow. By CHRISTOPHER HOLDENBY.
(Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)

"PUNCH" had a capital cartoon by Bernard Partridge the other day, depicting Hodge being wooed by both the parties in the State, and grinning broadly at his prospective good fortune. The fact that a greater interest is being taken in him and his welfare is apparent by the number of books that are being written about him. This is one of the most illuminating we have yet come across. As Sir Horace Plunkett says in his preface:—

The main purpose of this book is to reveal to us the heart and mind of the folk who provide the cities with their food and their best blood, who give to the nation more than their share of its fighting strength, who conduct the greatest and, if our poets see straight, the most ennobling of the nation's industries.

The author for some reason of his own actually lived the life of an agricultural labourer for a considerable time—lived in a cottage, shared his home life, and took on the humblest of his labours until he with infinite patience broke down his shy and silent reserve, overcame his suspicions, and was finally treated as one of them, although he was a University man of more than average education. He therefore writes with great sympathy. He admires the countrymen's reserve, and thinks they are reserved with a double inheritance. They possess that natural and fascinating restraint in composure, the country's own precious baptismal gift; but they have also a reserve born of poverty, of being under-valued, of being alienated from the land, of being mere lodgers upon it. Mr. Holdenby points out that this is also caused by the paralysing realisation that his powers are pretty generally despised and his labour regarded as unskilled. This is an amazing error that it is difficult to correct in the town-dweller. I heard a friend once say: "He will never make a gardener; he is only a 'hedger and ditcher.'" I told him I should like him to try hedging and ditching, and see if it were the simple labour he assumed it to be. As a matter of fact, as our author points out, the humblest help on a farm is invariably a very skilled person in a thousand ways that are not obvious to the Cockney. "Even good digging is a very difficult operation."

As I have said before in these columns, the enclosure of the commons, the break-up of the copyhold system, and Free Trade have ruined the agricultural labourer, and this has been greatly assisted during the last forty years by national education. The labourer can read, and has grown discontented; he is sick of the dull, monotonous life in the country; he is lured to the town by the electric light, companionship, higher wages, and the picture palace. Why should he work all day for a pittance alone and in silence, when he can get more money, more holidays, and have more hope in the

towns? The lack of housing accommodation is plainly shown, and the state of morality that exists when both sexes of adult age are crowded together in single bedrooms.

Mr. Holdenby is rather severe on the wealthy plutocrat who buys an agricultural estate in the country, with no notion of how to treat the tenants or labourers. He often treats the place like a week-end country house, and thinks that, as long as the labourer gets the wages usual in the district, there is nothing more for him to do. There is a great deal, and it takes more than one generation of a newly founded family to be "at home with the country side." There are admirable sketches of various characters frankly drawn from life—the foreman of a gang, the shepherd, the stockman, and "my mate." This last is a splendid portrait. He boldly calls him an artist:—

To this day I love to watch the way in which he holds his tools, whether his pruning-knife or his hoe; there is that nervous grip about his fingers which one may see on the artist's brush or poet's pen—a feeling—a groping for some unseen tenuous sensation.

The village inn; the untidy home—so difficult to keep tidy without a copper, when clothes have to be washed piece-meal in a fish-kettle; the cottage with only one cupboard, in which are kept on one shelf boots and outdoor clothes, on the next better clothes and under-linen, on the third provisions, and on the top shelf pots and pans and kitchen utensils; all these are well pictured.

There is a thoughtful chapter on Hodge's religion—where the parson succeeds and where he fails; why Nonconformity is more often the centre of vital religious life than the National Church.

I could have wished the author had given us some indication as to where he met with his experiences. He has carefully and wisely avoided making his characters speak much in dialect, but I think it would have been useful if he had named the county. He speaks of experience in Sussex meads and hedgerows, of chasing the shadows in the Devon lanes, and of long summers spent in hidden farms in the Yorkshire dales or under the shadow of the Sussex downs. If I could hazard a guess, I should say the agricultural labourer depicted here is a native of the smiling champaign which stretches between Sussex and Kent; but, of course, I may be wrong. However, rural England is not a very large place in these days, and I cordially recommend the book to anyone who wants to find out the view of the countryman, what he thinks, what he hopes, and the conditions under which he lives in the twentieth century.

Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co., Ltd., are now publishing "The Champion," the new 3d. magazine for boys. Under the editorship of Mr. J. H. Whitehouse, M.P., the magazine should greatly increase its present success.

Shorter Reviews

The New World of the South: The Romance of Australian History. By W. H. FITCHETT. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

THE Reverend W. H. Fitchett has now a formidable list of books to the credit of his pen, the majority of which deal with the Empire and with the stirring tales of its outposts. In his latest work, "The New World of the South," he has dealt principally with the history of the Australian goldfields, the wild days of the bushrangers, and with the exploration of the weird central desert land of the great island continent. There is nothing original in the work under review, and its nature is confined largely to a record of facts, many of which, indeed, are in themselves of so momentous a nature as to require none of the usual efforts of descriptive trimming. The volume begins with the tale of the Eureka stockade, and from that isolated outbreak of lawlessness we are led more or less naturally to the later period when the bushrangers—from "Thunderbolt" and "Captain Moonlight" to those grim, astonishingly daring criminals the Kellys—took to their bush fastnesses and remained lurking there to the irritation of the police and the despair of the settlers during the intervals between their dramatic and frequently murderous raids. The story of the last "hold-up" of the Kellys, when these bandits, wearing plates of roughly contrived armour beneath their clothes, contrived to hold the police at bay, and defied so many well and truly aimed bullets, until at length they were brought down, is one of the most breathless which has ever been told in the history of real crime.

Mr. Fitchett has collected the evidence of a number of eye-witnesses, and thus we are given an unusually full account of this grim tragedy. The portion of this small work devoted to exploration is less generous in quantity; but the later travellers, such as Leichhardt, Kennedy, Eyre, Burke and Wills, are ably and conscientiously dealt with. The volume is one which must necessarily interest all those directly concerned in the Commonwealth, and beyond these a great number of general readers.

Publications of the Goethe Society. Vol. XIV. Transactions. Edited by LINA OSWALD. (Alexander Moring.)

AN English Goethe Society has no need of apology. Goethe is not only the most universal of modern poets, but the links that bind him to English thought and culture are so strong that he is almost as fully a citizen, by adoption, of English letters as Shakespeare of German. The Master of Peterhouse, in a presidential address reprinted in the present volume, expresses the hope that the services of German scholars to Shakespearean study "may in some measure be

returned by the loving devotion of generations of Englishmen and Englishwomen to the study of Goethe."

The addresses and papers contained in this volume have been read to the Society at various periods during the last twenty years, and are of varying interest. Some of the subjects have been treated in other places, and some have since received more final treatment. But all are interesting, and a well-worn subject is always worth reconsideration when handled in an authoritative manner. With the exception of Mr. Julius Norden's paper on "Goethe als Freimaurer"—one of the most novel subjects—all the contributions are given in English. Where, as in this paper and in numerous quotations, German is used, we have to deplore a great number of printer's errors, particularly as regards punctuation. Perhaps the most interesting of all the papers is that of Mr. Yusuf Ali on "Goethe's Orientalism"; we were particularly struck by his handling of the titles to the sections of "Hermann und Dorothea." Mr. Singleton draws an illuminating parallel between Goethe and Browning. Mr. Hermann Meyer's paper on the relations of Goethe and Schiller towards Romanticism treats a hackneyed subject in a particularly lucid manner. Dr. Ward's subject, "Goethe and the French Revolution," is also rather familiar. In Mr. Norden's paper we are struck by the difficulty the poet had in being received as a Freemason, and by the enthusiasm he subsequently showed for the craft. An obituary notice is consecrated to Dr. Eugene Oswald, late secretary of the Society.

Chroniques des Comtes d'Anjou et des Seigneurs d'Amboise. By LOUIS HALPHEN and RENÉ POUPARDIN. (A. Picard, Paris. 9fr.)

THE documents contained in this volume are important for the study of early French History, and even for that of English History. Our King, Henry II., was Count of Anjou, and for many hundred years our dynastic history was inextricably involved in the local affairs of many parts of northern and central France. The three most important documents are the "Chronica de Gestis Consulum Andegavorum," the "Liber de Compositione Castri Ambaziae et ipsius Dominorum Gesta," and the "Gesta Ambaziensium Dominorum." The appreciation of the various manuscripts, which exhibit a good deal of confusion as regards these three pieces, gives scope for much critical acumen. The most indisputable conclusion is that the three documents "n'ont pas même origine; mais ils ont été agrémentés de citations et de morceaux d'emprunt par un même interpolateur." The latter seems to have been a certain scribe, Robin. The parts of Thomas de Loches and others in the compilation of the documents in their more or less final form is another difficult question that is handled by the editors.

Préférences. By PAUL ESCOUBE. ("Mercure de France," Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

THIS is a volume of critical essays. A very long one is devoted to M. Remy de Gourmont and the others, four in number, have Mallarmé, Charles Guérin, Verlaine, and Jules Laforgue for their subjects. The connecting link is a deep interest in the attitude of these five writers towards woman and love, and from the first to the last of some 350 pages "the woman is sought" with a persistency that demands success and applause. The essay on M. R. de Gourmont, which is a very able piece of subtle if adulatory criticism, contains an ingenious application of Plato's three souls to the special case under consideration. M. Escoubé goes on to show that M. R. de Gourmont's anti-Christianism is an improvement on Nietzsche's, and his philosophy a deal more consistent and modern than that of M. Anatole France. From the same writer's compositions the critic extracts what we may call a "presentist" philosophy, and seems to find it comforting. Well, well! "Presentism" is a fairly old conception, otherwise we should be counselling the Futurists to look to their laurels. Mallarmé interests the essayist by his curious artistic treatment of female hair. "Paul Verlaine et l'Amour" is a very good study of its kind, strewn with quotations. "Verlaine," justly remarks M. Escoubé, "fut tout amour" consequently this study in eroticism contains practically "tout Verlaine."

The Boys' Book of Stamp Collecting. By DOUGLAS B. ARMSTRONG. Illustrated. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

MANY boys who collect stamps, and many men, do so in a very haphazard fashion. They know that their hobby may easily be made, with a little thought and method, beautiful and even of commercial value; but, lacking the special knowledge necessary, the time they spend on it is to a great extent wasted. To them this capital volume by an expert should appeal. No point is missed which may be of use to the collector, whether he be a beginner in the schoolboy stage or a specialist. All departments of philately are dealt with in an interesting manner—sometimes in an amusing manner. Mr. Armstrong must forgive us if we smile at the unexpected conclusion of the following sentence on page 204: "The average collector is therefore assured that the money is by no means thrown away, but is gradually forming a really valuable nest-egg upon which he can fall back at any time if necessity arises."

The history, romance, and associations of the art or science under discussion are treated in a way that leaves no doubt as to the author's enthusiasm and thorough acquaintance with his theme, and there are hints on almost every page which the genuine stamp-collector will find useful.

Fiction

Novels from Shakespeare: The Merchant of Venice. Told by a Popular Novelist. With eight illustrations in colour by AVERIL BURLEIGH. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

THE Publishers' note suggests that the present series is an improved version of Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare because "the limit of length is removed and the plays appear as old-time romances in which almost every character keeps his place, and every incident is retained, only the dramatic and poetic setting giving place to the devices of the novelist." Whilst fully believing that there is a certain scope for prose versions of dramas such as this we cannot but regard as depraved a taste which should content itself with what is but the husk, when with equal pains it might enjoy the kernel. And how empty and unprofitable that husk appears the excellence of this novel, such as it is, merely makes more apparent. Stripped of the beauty of its dramatic setting and of the glamour of its poetry, the tale of the Merchant of Venice becomes insufferable with its multitude of impossibilities and improbabilities. The greatest concession which we can make is to say that in this prose version a plot, which even in the hands of Shakespeare was ridiculous in its crudity, becomes so abominable that our veneration for his genius is heightened; it required a great alchemist indeed to produce gold from such base material.

The illustrations are, for the most part, pleasing.

The Eternal Maiden. By T. EVERETT HARRE. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

TO use a paradox, this story is as new as it is old, for the lines on which it is built are those of old Greek tragedy, and in capable hands that form of story is ever new. The scene is an Eskimo camp in the far north, and the actors are primitive little people, but in one of them, at least, is devotion and nobility of soul such as cultured races might envy. Ootah, best among the young men of his tribe, loved Annadoah, fairest of women; but a yellow-haired trader came from the south, won her with a brutality which she loved while she could not understand—and left her when the winter came again. Then Ootah, by service and utter devotion, set to work to win Annadoah back from thoughts of the yellow-haired man.

Thus the story, but its fineness has more in the manner of telling than in the actual happenings. The author has caught and imprisoned in his pages the spirits of the far north; we feel the terror of the settling winter darkness, see the splendour of the northern lights, and hear the crash of breaking glaciers, while few writers can claim to have made a more real and intimate relation of the life of an Eskimo tribe. It is a strongly fascinating story of a little-known people, and a book that we can thoroughly recommend.

The Secret of the Zenana. By MAY WYNNE. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

MRS. MERRINGTON, an officer's widow, was imprisoned for nearly twenty years in an Indian rajah's zenana, during which time her daughter grew to womanhood and great beauty. Then, for services rendered, another Indian potentate demanded of the rajah the hand of the daughter, Angela Merrington, and very nearly secured it. Angela's salvation was due to Robert Anstruther, a canny Scot who disguised himself as a wise woman, entered the zenana, rescued the girl, and—they all lived happy ever after, in spite of other complications of the plot which are smoothed out together with the main issue.

The period in which this thrilling melodrama is set is the latter half of the eighteenth century, but the author appears to know little about either her period or her scenic surroundings. There is no "atmosphere" of India about the book, and a superfluity of "T'faiths" and "odds fish" (whatever that oburgation may mean), suggests that she has been reading Sheridan and retained his expletives without being able further to copy his style. This is not eighteenth century talk, but high-flown twentieth century sentimentality with a few eighteenth century catchwords flung in at intervals—and there is a proverb about swallows and summer that nearly fits the case. For the rest, the book is "thrilling," impossibly so, and its author has a fairly large public to whom it will appeal; but it is not nearly as convincing as some of her earlier romances.

The Business of Life. By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. (D. Appleton and Co. 6s.)

THERE is a sameness about Mr. Chambers' work nowadays, albeit a pleasing sameness; a new book from him is always welcome, and its technique is usually so good that in reading we forget it is nearly twice as long as the average novel. The present volume is no exception; it contains a fascinating heroine, Jacqueline Nevers to wit, who at five or six and twenty is a thorough business woman. Jim Desboro', the hero, possesses a big country house with an armoury, and to him comes Jacqueline in order to rearrange and catalogue sundry suits of mail for sale. In addition to his armoury, Jim owns a past, concerning which Jacqueline becomes enlightened only after she has married Jim—and eventually she forgives him for what in reality is no business of hers, as we knew she would. The chief aim of the book seems to be a demonstration that men with questionable pasts are not worthy of marriage with fascinating, perfectly business-like, and altogether irreproachable women—but, then, we knew it already.

Still, this is mere captiousness; Mr. Chambers has given us another delightful novel, full of interesting people and attractive situations; it is as fluently written and as witty as his books usually are—that is to say, it is an excellent story, both in matter and manner.

Reference Books

IT is astonishing that within the covers of one book so many leaves can safely be bound, to say nothing of the vast amount of useful knowledge contained in "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage," issued by Messrs. Dean and Son at 31s. 6d. net. This year another addition has been added to this ever-growing volume: the sons and daughters of knights have now a place in the same list as the Orders of Knighthood, together with the dates of their birth, marriage, and other events connected with their progress. In some cases the details are not all furnished, but, as this is a new departure, doubtless in another year's time many of the gaps will have been filled. The gathering of this extra knowledge, the editor explains, has led to some quaint replies. For instance, one man stated that his progeny were "too numerous to mention," while another, after withholding the desired information for some time, at last sent details disclosing thirty-eight Christian names. There is a great advantage in this Peerage that the order of things does not change; for however good and necessary variety may be in some matters, in books of reference, it is well to retain as far as possible a well-trying system, thus enabling a searcher to find in the least possible time the information he seeks.

For less detailed accounts—and, of course, a smaller book—one may turn to "Whitaker's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage" (5s. net). A few genealogical tables are inserted in this book, showing the connection between the royal and some of the titled families of the kingdom. These are very interesting and do much to make plain some of the rather complicated connections which the ordinary person has not time to work out for himself.

The Almanack (2s. 6d. net) issued by the same firm as the above book is known as a mine of information in every household. There is no subject, ecclesiastical, legal or statistical, for which the book has not a table. "Unemployment in the United Kingdom," "Cost of Living," "Decreased Purchasing Power of the Pound," are necessary additions for which the average citizen will not feel grateful, although he realises that he must face facts as they are, and not as he would wish them to be.

"Who's Who" (A. and C. Black, 15s. net.) is another volume which year by year increases in size. It is no news to state that in studying the recreations of the numerous people mentioned in this book one can find endless amusement. In fact, it would be a very good competition of skill for certain names to be placed on a list and blanks left opposite for the filling in of the competitors' ideas of the particular sport or amusement favoured by the celebrities chosen. How far out many would be may be gathered from a glance at some of those stated.

"Who's Who Year Book" (A. and C. Black, 1s. net.) is, as its title suggests, a supplement to the larger

book, and is very handy to use in conjunction with the former volume.

Every writer and artist knows the value of "The Writers' and Artists' Year Book" (A. and C. Black, 1s. net.). Information could not be better displayed or more concise than it is in this little volume. Even the preface is particularly clear and to the point. Contributors would do well not only to use the book as a medium for ascertaining the name of an editor or the address of a publication, but also to imitate the clear manner in which such information is given.

"Hazell's Annual" (Hazell, Watson, and Viney, 3s. 6d. net) is another book containing a vast amount of information in a compressed form; in fact, the authors themselves speak of the pages devoted to the House of Lords as a "potted peerage," so closely packed are the names and details of the Lords, spiritual and temporal.

"The Englishwoman's Year Book" (A. and C. Black, 2s. 6d. net.) deals with matters scholastic, industrial, and social, peculiarly of interest to women. Those seeking a suitable career, advancement, or an outlet for musical, literary, or artistic gifts will do well to consult this useful volume.

Mr. Alex. J. Philip, of Gravesend, is now well known in the library world, and his revision of "The Libraries, Museums, and Art Galleries Year Book" (S. Paul and Co.) should do much to make the book valuable to those directly connected with libraries and their work, as well as to students of all classes. In it will be found accounts of valuable or noted collections of books and the library in which they may be found, together with the hours during which they are accessible to the general public.

Messrs. John Long have just issued a guide to their Christmas publications, entitled "Why Not a Book?" It is in the form of an art folder containing an illustrated prospectus of each of their gift books, both in general literature and fiction. Some of the illustrations are in three colours, and the whole production should prove of the greatest assistance to all those who intend giving books as presents. A copy will be sent post free on application to 12, 13, and 14, Norris Street, Haymarket, London.

The Manchester University Press publishes this week a "Glossary of Mediæval Welsh Law based upon the Black Book of Chirk," by T. Lewis, M.A. The book is a systematic attempt to arrive at the true meaning of the language of the Laws of Wales by treating the earliest native law text in the light of Welsh literature generally, and is intended as a contribution to mediæval Welsh lexicography. Incidentally, it throws new light upon many difficult passages in early prose and poetry, also upon the social organisation of the country.

Some New French Books

M. LOUIS BERTRAND, author of "Saint Augustine," just published by Fayard (3fr.50), has specialised in the study of the Mediterranean civilisation. It is therefore hardly surprising that he should celebrate in a complete and conscientious work the greatest figure which that civilisation has ever produced—St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo. The author of the "Confessions" passes currently as being the precursor of the Jansenists; but M. Bertrand refuses energetically this opinion, for he believes that, if the grave Carthaginian could hear the charge brought against him, he would say with disdain "the party of Jansen," just as he used to say scornfully in days gone by "the party of Donatus," in his fervent attachment to Catholic unity. What strikes one especially in the personality of St. Augustine is the modernism of his expression. He is, perhaps, the most profoundly human figure of hagiography; he is, in any case, the one which appeals most strongly to intellectuals, for he underwent all the conflicting passions and all the material difficulties that men are subject to when they undertake a liberal career, without important personal means. Augustine only resolved to embrace saintliness at thirty-three years of age; till then he exercised the profession of teacher of rhetoric in Carthage, Rome, and Milan; he thus had quite sufficient time to gather ample experience of the most different aspects of life, which he later denounced virulently out of "connaissance de cause."

The author has retraced all the incidents of St. Augustine's existence, with a very evident care for detail and with the greatest respect and simplicity. Each little fact he brings to our attention is intended to throw a particular light on the formation of the saint's character. He has striven to show through all his work the influence which the great philosophical event of the time—the downfall of paganism and the triumph of Christian civilisation—exercised on the spirit of his hero. This influence would perhaps not have been so considerable had not St. Augustine been born in Africa. As it is, M. Bertrand deems that thanks to his Africanism that "universal genius reconciled us to the barbarian," and brought about "the union of the Semitic and Occidental genius."

The work is certainly very fine; it contains real historical, psychological, and philosophical interest; it abounds in poetical descriptions and in curious observations; and it certainly ranks amongst the best books of an author who has already given us some of the most remarkable works published lately—for example, "Le Livre de la Méditerranée." But it is much to be regretted that, since he professes to be so fervent an admirer of Latin culture, he does not try to imitate in his own writings that conciseness and sobriety which contribute to the vigour, keenness, and beauty of style of Latin authors. He could do so without fear, for "he who imitates what is evil always

goes beyond the example that is set, but he who imitates what is good always falls short."

"*L'Aventure de Thérèse Beauchamps*," by Francis de Miomandre (Calman Lévy, 3fr.50), is a striking sketch of a certain aspect of Parisian feminine life. Paris passes, in general, as being the gayest town in the world; its inhabitants are supposed by many to live in a perfect whirl of pleasure, and its women are believed to amuse themselves wildly from morning till night. Paris, it has been said, is the paradise of womenkind. Now there is perhaps no other city where women bore themselves as much. Of course, I speak of the "petite bourgeoise," who, after making a *mariage de convenance* with a man who is absolutely indifferent to her, settles down to the most humdrum of existences, in a tiny, smelly, gloomy, little flat, with a maid-of-all-work as sole domestic. She has few pleasures, no intellectual life whatever, no interests, and she is hemmed in by innumerable conventions. Her husband, when he returns after a day spent in airless offices, is too fagged to pay any attention to her, so she spends her time dreaming of something wonderful and unexpected (she does not exactly know what) which will suddenly drag her away from the meanness of her surroundings.

This book shows us the realisation of such a wonderful "something" in the case of just such a frivolous, dissatisfied little "Parisienne" married to a professor much older than herself. The monotonous existence dragged out by Thérèse between her uninteresting, round-shouldered husband and her vulgar step-son, many details of their daily life, the unlooked-for ray of light suddenly brought into her existence by her platonic adventure with a refined, wealthy Chinese dandy who has come to Paris to learn French, and who is called by the sneezy appellation of Tcheou—all this is extremely well and truthfully analysed, with a delightful tender strain of humour. How many little Thérèse Beauchamps, after perusing M. de Miomandre's light, clever work, will dream of sympathetic, mysterious, slightly perverse, and very captivating Chinamen, rich enough to buy motor-cars strewn with pinks so that the object of their adoration may be in an ambulating home worthy of her beauty! M. de Miomandre is a charming ironist and a very agreeable novelist.

Mr. Walyf Bourgos Ghali, son of the great Egyptian patriot and statesman, has collected in a volume, "*Le Jardin des Fleurs*," published at the *Mercure de France* (3 fr. 50) the finest specimens of Arab poetry. Arab poetry is almost exclusively lyrical; it is also amongst the purest known; the sentiments it treats of are lofty and rare; it commends friendship and fidelity; it contains neither perversity nor effeminacy. On the contrary, it rings with manliness. It is, if we believe the compiler of "*Le Jardin des Fleurs*," amongst the best poetry known. We should be only too willing to do so, but unfortunately we cannot find much originality in the poems he has translated into

French; they contain the rather easy Orientalism and diluted philosophy so frequent in Eastern literature. But happily the work is prefaced by M. Jules Lemaitre, and this greatly contributes to its general interest.

"*Quelques Juifs*," which has recently appeared at the *Mercure de France* (3fr.50), presents the amusing peculiarity of being a work on Jews written by a Jew. The author, M. André Spire, has studied in three sketches the character and genius of three of his co-religionaries, each quite distinct: Israel Zangwill, Otto Weininger, and James Darmesteter. "All three have the same passion for learning, the same dream of noble action, the same will of creating, of being great; they are all prophets; they are all poets. But their gifts are various, their roads differ. Obligated to live in a Christian world, they suffer its imprint, its attraction."

In his study of Israel Zangwill, M. Spire says that, if in France there has not been a Jewish literature, it is because, since the emancipation of Jews, the ghetto has never been reformed. In England, and notably in London, he still believes it to exist: the ghetto has its distinct life, its newspapers, its theatres, its writers, and of these none so great as Zangwill. He is, according to M. Spire, who professes for him a very sincere admiration, the first who has known how to depict the Jewish race with impartiality; he has even made fun of Jewish humour! He also sees in Zangwill a real poet, who occasionally has even known how to celebrate the pomp and mysteries of Christianity better than a Christian, because, as he even says rather shockingly in his preface, "*Un Juif capable d'aimer le Dieu sans nom et sans image, n'a pas grand' peine à comprendre le pauvre Dieu sanglant que des Juifs détendus ont jeté en pâture aux besoins d'incarnation des foules.*" M. Spire should try to avoid such a distasteful arrogance.

Besides this interesting study, M. Spire has a curious sketch on Otto Weininger, the young Viennese Jew who killed himself after having suffered the acutest of moral torture, because he considered himself utterly unworthy to live after having made a mistake in the choice of a philosophy! It is a very keen and painful case of neurasthenia. The author concludes by an essay on James Darmesteter, who was a pupil of Renan, and whom his co-religionaries tried to make out as being the successor of the author of "*La Vie de Jésus*." His greatest wish was to see the end of all religious dissensions in France, so that all parties might unite to wage "the only battle worthy of men and of Frenchmen," the battle against ignorance, vice, and poverty.

M. Spire's book contains certainly many undeniable truths and a great many amusing observations. It is a very fine analysis of Jewish character, but the author should endeavour to repress, in his future works, that too apparent "outrecuidance" or excessive confidence in self which is one of the most unsympathetic qualities of the Jewish race.

MARC LOGE.

Foreign Reviews

DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU.

NOVEMBER.—Marshal von der Goltz, whose reminiscences of Chevket Pasha are concluded in this number, has achieved much more than a biography or an obituary notice. He has given us a glimpse of a heroic figure, whose patriotic and unselfish efforts were rewarded with the prolonged martyrdom of eventual failure and crowned with assassination. The friend of Turkey may, in these circumstances, well doubt "ob für seine Zukunft überhaupt noch etwas zu hoffen sei." Herr Dickhuth finishes off the Battle of Leipzig, and makes ironical commentary on Schwarzenberg's apologia: "Es schien nicht ratsam, einen Feind, der noch genugsam Kräfte hatte, zur Verzeiſung zu bringen." The reminiscences of 1812-13 of the Saxon officer, Karl Heinrich von Einsiedel, are very interesting reading. Herr H. Gunkel contributes an interesting critical re-construction of the story of Jehu. There is also an anonymous appreciation of the late Herr Bebel.

LA REVUE.

October 15.—An unpublished burlesque, "Le Triomphe de Lulli aux Champs Elysées," attributed to Racine, is given, with a critical introduction by the late Abbé Bonnet. M. Faguet is at his happiest on Mme. Aurel's "Semaine d'Amour." M. J. Gringoire deplores the modern French tendency to foreign investment, and hints that France is really worse off than Germany in that respect.

November 1.—Princess Radziwill's souvenirs of the Court of Berlin during the first years of the Empire are full of interest; especially there are new side-lights on the Empress Augusta. M. Faguet writes of "Femmes de 1815," M. Chuquet of Commissaire Sicard. Unpublished letters of Champfleury are given. M. Mury avers that "the field of battle of Islam, its stronghold of to-morrow, is India, the magnificent Colonial Empire of Great Britain in Asia."

LE MERCURE DE FRANCE.

October 16.—M. Davray examines, in the light of the letters published recently in the *Times*, the charges made against the character of Charlotte Brontë, and dismisses them triumphantly. M. Bouchot is very good on aeroplane accidents. M. Louis finds the Balkan troubles reassuring for pacifists. Under "Lettres Anglaises" M. Davray has an article on Richard Middleton.

November 1.—M. L. Pergaud traces the career of the unfortunate poet, Léon Deubel. M. Rouveyre's little sketches—"La Fin d'une Abeille"—are delicious. M. de Rougemont gives further "Portraits graphologiques." Unpublished letters of Jules Vallès and one of Mirabeau, the last with an interesting analysis by M. Mario Schiff, are other features of the number.

LA REVUE BLEUE.

October 18.—M. Joseph Reinach communicates some highly interesting letters of Mirabeau to his constituents. M. Jeanroy concludes his account of the Academy of Toulouse. M. Schuré prologises on his philosophy. A recent article on cheap editions from THE ACADEMY is translated.

October 25.—M. Latreille, in two articles, discusses Laprade and late Romanticism. M. de Morsier says that the question of Alsace-Lorraine, regarded as closed by good Germans, is nevertheless the immediate cause of the "paix armée"; he is unexpectedly kind to Bismarck. M. Bossert traces Cinderella back to Egypt.

November 1.—M. Flat appreciates M. Bourget. M. P. Louis discusses the present position of French Syndicalism. M. de Taurines writes of the unfortunate Stéphanie de Beauharnais, Grand Duchess of Baden, and the asylum given to Queen Hortense in Baden. M. Heumann's book on Belgian literature, recently noticed in THE ACADEMY, is discussed at length by M. L. Maury.

November 8.—Letters of the Countess d'Agoult to the musician Ferdinand Hiller are communicated. "Péladan" is interesting on various phases in the interpretation of Wagner. M. Flat sees new departures in the methods of the "Théâtres subventionnés." M. Roz criticises "A Woman Killed by Kindness," at the Vieux-Colombier, and there is an Italian sketch by M. André Maurel.

LA VIE DES LETTRES.

This review is now published simultaneously in Paris and London, in the latter city by Mr. Erskine MacDonald, at 17, Surrey Street, W.C.

The first English (the October) number is an extremely strong one, and we can only select, if on rather personal principles.

The review is inspired by "Modernist," not to say "Futurist" tendencies. The *clou* of this number is a "paroxystic" effusion, of over 1,000 lines, by M. Nicolas Beauduin, and entitled "L'Homme Cosmogonique." It is eminently worth reading. To define "paroxysm" it is useless to look in a dictionary, Greek or English; it is that which "s'élève au-dessus du monde de la sensation." M. Jean Desthieux, in an article called "Considérations sur la poétique de demain," says that "le paroxysme" is to be as important for the poetry of the future as "le futurisme futurisant lui-même." We may recall that M. Beauduin is one of the wearers of the Futurist "rose," the coveted order awarded by M. Guillaume Apollinaire.

M. Francis Jammes contributes poetry and prose. M. Marcel Coulon relates a remarkable interview with Moréas. M. Polti raves about M. Mercereau, and M. Speth discusses the Comtesse de Noailles. M. Louis Bertrand, in a brilliant little study of St. Augustine at Carthage, remarks that the famous "Amare Amabam" has probably been, as a rule, mistranslated.

REVUE DES ETUDES NAPOLEONIENNES.

The November number contains a long and appreciative review by M. Driault of the historical work of the Grand Duke Nicolas; M. Driault seizes the occasion to notice the superiority of Napoleonic studies in Russia. M. Gromaire discusses the anti-Napoleonic sentiments and writings of Ernst Moritz Arndt. Correspondence of Sebastiani, who went to Constantinople to detach the Porte from Russia, is given.

LA SOCIÉTÉ NOUVELLE.

The October number is distinguished by an essay on John Webster by M. Eekhoud, a *résumé*, concluding on a very melancholy note, by M. Bonnet, of recent controversies about the intelligence of animals, and two clever sketches called "Fantasmes et Réalités" by M. Franz Hellens.

LA REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTÉRATURE.

October 18.—Several Egyptological works are noticed by Sir G. Maspero, and the "Correspondence of Lord Burghersh," by M. Chuquet.

October 25.—MM. Hauvette and Roustan review several books on Italian and German literature respectively.

November 8.—Professor Flower Smith's "Tibullus" is discussed by M. Thomas. M. Welwert has a review of, and M. Chuquet a post-script on, M. Batiffol's "Duchesse de Chevreuse."

November 15.—This number belongs to Sir G. Maspero, "R" and "R. G." Important works of Herr Junker and Vogelsang are reviewed by the first-named critic.

PREMIER LIVRE SIMULTANÉ.

This is, evidently, not a review, but here is the advertisement, printed on purple and various other colours, and fine linen, as the book will be in the more expensive editions—"Prose du Transsibérien et de la Petite Jeanne de France Representation Synchrone Peinture Simultané Texte Mme. Delaunay-Teck Blaise Cendrars." What Simultaneous Books are going to be like can only be discovered by the investment of 50 fr. (500 fr. for the best edition) in the purchase of the one that bears this proud title. We should love to see a copy. Vive le Futurisme! Perhaps we *shall* see a copy.

The first six volumes of the series, "Novels from Shakespeare," issued by Messrs. Greening and Co., are "The Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Much Ado About Nothing," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "The Taming of the Shrew." Each contains eight coloured plates, and is tastefully bound in brown cloth, gilt. The books will be published at the same price as the ordinary novel, 6s., and will be issued regularly during the spring, 1914.

The Theatre

The Incorporated Stage Society's
Production of "Change" at the
Haymarket Theatre

THIS intense tragedy of commonplace people living at the present day in Aberpandy completely held the interest of the large audience at the Haymarket *matinées* throughout its four acts. It appeared that an accomplished playwright, well informed as to every trick of the stage, and at the same time absolutely sincere in his characterisation, was at work. In reality, "Change" is the Glamorgan play by which Mr. J. O. Francis gained a prize offered by Lord Howard de Walden for a drama illustrative of Welsh life, and so, we may presume, the work is not that of an old hand.

The subject is at least as old as Hebraic history, the story which Ibsen made so familiar to the last generation—especially to the theatrical generation—by his story of revolting youth. It has been told many times since then, especially in the highly effective play, "The Younger Generation," by the late Mr. Stanley Houghton, the very title of which suggests Ibsen's phrase about that particular section of society, "knocking at the door."

But each of the men who have dealt with this idea have handled it in a new way and with skill. Mr. Francis has done something more. He not only shows us the tragedy of growing old in the ideas of our youth, but he gives us the poignant, bitter, revengeful spirit of youth as well. Perhaps his play may help the world to see the folly of this continued clash between parents and children, for, again, in a little while the children are parents, too, and the old and stupid warfare has begun again. This point, which is always in our mind when we see plays dealing with the sturdy fight of the old brigade and the hot-headed onslaught of younger people, is admirably set forth in Mr. Francis' work by means of one of his characters, a Cockney railwayman, Sam Thatcher, Mr. Frank Ridley, who finds himself in the Price's cottage on the Twmp. As a sort of chorus, he watches the action to its bitter end, lightening it for us by his gay and simple philosophy and common sense. Thatcher forms an excellent contrast to the impassioned spirit in which old John Price, the collier—who has worked hard all his life so that he may educate his clever sons—and the other Welsh people insist on taking every detail of life. John and his three sons are ambitious, but their desires are different. The eldest, Lewis, has the gift of tongues and rules the local strikers and socialists; Gwilym is an invalid and a poet; John Henry has had great successes at school and college and is intended for the ministry—an idea totally opposed to his romantic, agnostic, rather violent and loving nature.

By degrees the play shows us these factors at work, while John and, at first, his wife, Gwen—a strong and tender picture of whom

is given by Miss Lilian Mason—fight against them. But this is not a case where victory is to come to the prisoners of the past or to the joyful heralds of a new dawn. The desire for freedom and the new spirit which animates the younger generation does not make for happiness, the violent passion of the father brings nothing but tragedy. John Henry is sent from the house because he cannot follow his father's wishes. Gwilym is shot in trying to save his elder brother in a miners' conflict with soldiers. Lewis, the leader of men, is distraught and haunted by the death of his brother. But most of all the mother suffers as she finds herself left alone by sons, husband, and all she has striven for during the gallant years of her life. Thus the revolt brings no peace, nothing but a somewhat cynical conclusion that we had better—in such conditions, at least—leave things as they are and quench our desires for reform and freedom.

It will be noted that the theme is not unlike some that have already been used on the stage, but Mr. Francis brings a fresh atmosphere and spirit into the drama which is exceedingly welcome. Each character is firmly individualised, and each is played, by members of the Welsh company who gave us "The Joneses" at the Strand, with sincerity and brilliant effect. Although Miss Lilian Mason is so impressive and touching as the mother and wife, it can hardly be said that she is better than Miss Eleanor Daniels as the poor relation of the family, Lizzie Anne. Each of the sons is convincing: Mr. Hopkins as Lewis, Mr. West as Gwilym, and Mr. Howell as John Henry. Perhaps the last touches us most intimately, for his art is at once simple on the surface and yet subtle deeper down. Mr. Ridley and Mr. Tom Owen are also delightful in different ways. Here is a convincing, human play—full of pathos and humour—and here are actors who are never theatrical. Surely such a work as "Change" should be welcome to a wider world than that provided by the valuable Stage Society.

"Anna Karenina" at the Ambassadors Theatre

MADAME LYDIA YAVORSKA has made a brave claim for fame with her present elaborate production of Mr. John Pollock's adaptation of Tolstoy's all-too-famous novel. We fear the work is almost too well known for the purpose of compression into even so spacious a drama as that composed of four acts and five scenes. However, the work has been undertaken in a whole-hearted way, and we hardly suppose that we are ever likely to see a better presentation of the externals, as it were, of the wonderful Anna Karenina on any stage. As to the character which gives its name to the play and book, the soul and the charm have departed. There are twenty-four personages in action, but, somehow, they are unable to create the atmosphere necessary to a long psychological battle.

His Excellency Mr. Karenin is certainly admirably portrayed, especially in the earlier part of the play, by

Mr. Herbert Bunston. But Mr. Norman Trevor, as the lover of his Excellency's wife, gives one the impression of being utterly bored with the affair at first when he ought not to be, as well as at last when, in the play, at least, he has every reason to be a little wearied. As Princess Dolly Oblonsky, Miss Mary Grey acted with considerable tact, but the character, like so many others, is of little importance and can convey but the most trifling meaning to the audience. The old nurse, Annoushka of Miss Elspeth Dudgeon is excellent throughout; her cries of horror when at the end of the play she sees that her loved mistress has thrown herself beneath a passing train were the one great moment of the drama. This situation is no mean test for an actress, but Miss Dudgeon rose to it with ease and power. One hardly likes to speak of Madame Yavorska, for we appreciate her efforts so fully and believe entirely in her artistic aims. And yet, and yet . . . how completely disappointing is her Anna. Firstly—a mere external we admit—she does not take the trouble to make-up as the young and beautiful woman who has all Russian society at her feet, and then, although dressed by the most famous people, her costumes are very far from being effective. Her habit of carrying a lot of clattering cigarette-cases, silver note-books, and half a dozen other noisy metal things is extremely worrying. And then, although her English is a million times better than our French or Russian could ever be, it gets in the way of her dramatic effects. In almost every sentence of importance she accentuates the wrong word, and thus her meaning and the very spirit of her acting is, unknown to her, robbed of its importance and authority. Thus, gifted as Madame Yavorska most certainly is, we fear that she cannot hope to hold an English audience in so complicated and subtle a part as that of Anna Karenina—we wish she could. Apart from Miss Dudgeon's old and broken-hearted nurse, the only character we can turn to with any sympathy or belief is that of the cheerful and casual brother of Anna, the lively Prince Stiva Oblonsky of Mr. Arthur Scott Craven. When the play is at its dullest, when we have lost interest in so many people of the drama, the Prince brings us back to life and humanity. If any happy chance could make the fortunes of "Anna Karenina" as now presented, it would be the gay and sympathetic Prince Stiva.

The Repertory Season at the St. James's Theatre

LE MARIAGE FORCÉ

AFTER the careful adaptation of Molière's five-act comedy, "Les Femmes Savantes" — reduced in English to three—we have an interesting production of his one-act knockabout farce presented by the skilful hands of Mr. Granville Barker.

The play, written probably about 1664, gives us the master in his simplest mood, but, as acted at the St.

James's in English, it remains a quaintly amusing entertainment in the seventeenth century manner. The candour of the method has been cleverly caught by Mr. Albert Rothenstein, who provides a naïve and agreeable scene showing the entrances and some of the windows of the houses in which those laughter-inspiring examples of type, Sganarelle, Geronimo, Lycaste, Pancrace, the wonderful lady, Dorimène, and the rest move so conveniently and have their being.

Mr. Nigel Playfair gives us so ingenuous a Sganarelle, he is so entirely at the mercy of his friends, that the result errs a little on the side of the pathetic; he is so completely *forcé* that, in our age, we have too great a pity for him to enable us to laugh very much. But there is plenty of fun in the gay and self-centred Dorimène of Miss Evelyn Weeden and her lover. The philosophers of Mr. Arthur Whitby and Mr. Herbert Hewetson transport us from the present day back through many, many generations, and yet their brave sincerity gives truth to a class of character which belongs entirely to the stage. But in all the accomplished company perhaps the Alcidas of Mr. Donald Calthrop held most of the spirit of the period. His grace in forcing the unwilling Sganarelle to marry his difficult sister, Dorimène, whether he employed the sword or the simple, efficacious cane, is beyond praise. His air, his manner, and his splendid appearance come as nearly to the true representation of a Molière personage as we are ever likely to see. All are excellent performances, however, and the production of "*Le Mariage Forcé*" makes us hope that the repertory season may be continued, and that many more of Molière's works may be given.

NAN

Mr. John Masefield's already well-known tragedy of the year 1810 follows the farce of the mid-seventeenth century.

Miss Lillah McCarthy's beautiful and heart-rending picture of Nan Hardwick fighting against the Fates must have been admired before this by all lovers of the drama. We can merely say that the performance is as beautiful and in a sense as powerful as ever. For we have not failed to say on several other occasions that the heaping of the tragedy on Nan is a slightly forced affair. It is not, it seems to us, inevitable, but rather the wilful action of the playwright. However that may be, the whole story is a finely expressed poem—owing something to the all-pervading influence of Ibsen and his school. In the present production the tragedy is admirably played throughout. The Mrs. Pargetter and her cruel little daughter Jenny, enacted respectively by Miss Clare Greet and Miss Estelle Winwood, stand out from the excellent caste after a vivid fashion, while Mr. Leon Quartermaine succeeds in making us more than ever interested in the curious and haunting Gaffer Pearce. But, of course, it is the splendid, mystic, and unfortunate Nan on whom our interest is centred; it is her natural grace, her loving heart, her trials and tragedy which cause us to forget

the occasionally artificial methods of the author, who is also, by the way, the creator of the fine character which Miss McCarthy makes so real.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

The revival of one of Mr. Shaw's plays is always a highly informing event. It is an especial privilege to be allowed to see his work produced when the dust of controversy has cleared away a little, and the echoes of bold self-advertisement have died away.

And then this particular play is a fine example of Mr. Shaw's exaggerative method. The group of medical knights, surgeons, and doctors gives us people no more, and no less, true to life than the curious servant Emmy, the journalist—a doubtful product of our State-aided educational system—or the artist, who has to die for the author's entertainment, or the musical comedy housemaid, who is his first wife, or the splendid child of nature, the Cornish Jennifer, who is the second.

They are a collection of theatric characters who expose the humbug, falsity, and vanity of each other and of ourselves for our amusement, and the result is a purely artificial play which holds our attention throughout the first four long acts and through the short fifth one, which is unnecessarily called an epilogue.

When "*The Doctor's Dilemma*" was first played, its reception was doubtful; the exploitation of death in this particular vein was fresh to the public, and they did not know whether they could bear it or not. Now there is no difficulty in seeing how the matter is received—the attitude of the audience is lukewarm, critical, sensitive. Everyone in the vast theatre is anxious to appreciate all that Mr. Shaw has written, to make the best of what they consider his mistakes and rapidly to adjust themselves to his frequent change of mental attitude and his departures from the semblance of men and women as we know them and their actions.

At the present time the author is extremely fortunate in the company of actors. The six medical men who make fun of themselves, each other, and the rest of the world are each and all played with exquisite skill. Mr. Arthur Whitby makes the arch-humbug, Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonnington, a delicious piece of satire, as rich and rounded a performance as one can well imagine. Mr. Nigel Playfair is a brisk and convincing Walpole, and Mr. Beveridge, Sir Patrick Cullen himself; as the Hebraic doctor, Leo Schutzmacher, Mr. Michael Sherbrooke is equally true to life and amusing; Mr. Leon Quartermaine makes very much of the rather unreal character of the ill-paid and invalid general practitioner; Mr. Webster repeats his original performance of Sir Colenso Ridgdon, which is generally liked although we consider it lacks feeling and truth.

It will be remembered that the main point of the dilemma is whether Louis Dubedat, the gifted and, as most men would think, dishonest young artist shall be saved by Sir Colenso, or whether that

supposed discoverer of a new treatment shall devote himself to an attempt to heal the hard-working Dr. Blenkinsop. Perhaps because he is disgusted with the moral attitude of Dubedat, perhaps on account of his admiration for that artist's second wife, perhaps owing to his old friendship for Blenkinsop, Sir Colenso takes up the latter case and hands the artist over to Sir Ralph. This arrangement enables the author to show us how an artist should die. As Louis Dubedat, Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry is enabled to make this highly interesting character both live and die to great advantage. Hitherto Mr. Terry has not been very fortunate in the parts he has played, but here he is able to give a very really remarkable character study. None of Mr. Shaw's people are very easy to play—most of them talk so much—but Dubedat and his wife Jennifer are extremely difficult. Miss Lillah McCarthy as the wife is able to hold our attention quite easily even in that difficult scene after Dubedat's death, when she returns in the gay garment the artist has begged her to wear. Indeed, throughout the long play Miss McCarthy is always at her best; her graceful and charming qualities often helping out a situation which might fall to pieces in less expert hands.

Time, as we have often said, tries plays severely; but "The Doctor's Dilemma" withstands that unpleasant acid uncommonly well. This may partly be owing to the care with which the piece is produced and the excellent acting of the long cast, but only partly, for the wit and satire is as fresh as ever, and the acute characterisation, in at least three or four of the parts, appears even more convincing than of old.

The interesting plays we have mentioned will be given on various dates during the next few weeks. It is a pity that they are not being run for a few months, with occasional refreshers, so that one might gather just how far there is a public for this admirable arrangement. However, each week has shown an improvement in the work done, and Mr. Granville Barker has certainly proved, to our satisfaction at least, that a repertory theatre, run on the lines he has so far followed, would be a welcome friend to the art of the stage.

EGAN MEW.

The series of lectures at the Victoria and Albert Museum will be resumed on Thursday, January 15, 1914, when Mr. Emery Walker will lecture on "Letterpress Printing as an Art." The next in the series will be given on Thursday, January 22, by Mr. Douglas Cockerell, on "Design and Arrangement of Gold Tooling for the Decoration of Bookbindings," and on Thursday, January 29, by Mr. G. H. Palmer, on "Some Historic Styles of Bookbinding." Admission will be free, by ticket only, for which application must be made before the date, either at the Museum entrances or by letter addressed to the Director and Secretary.

Music

IF a "Nobel" Prize, or anything of that sort, were to be instituted for the encouragement and reward of composers for the pianoforte, the number of candidates for it might be large, but they would not, at the present time, be a very distinguished body. The time seems to have passed when composers treated the piano as an instrument worthy to express their finest thought. In older days, from the time when Domenico Scarlatti showed the world what could be done with the harpsichord to the time when Beethoven wrote his sonatas and concertos; and again, in the nineteenth century, when the genius of Chopin and Schumann and Mendelssohn and Liszt was active, the keyed instrument of the chamber held a proud position indeed, one which it has hardly maintained. Brahms wrote a great deal for the piano, and in his most serious vein, but his great contemporary, César Franck, enriched the world by only two masterpieces for piano alone. It is not an uncommon experience to hear the piano spoken of with something like contempt by the young musicians of ability who are to be met with in such abundance in these present years of grace. They regard the orchestra, it would seem, as the only vehicle worthy to convey the expression of their grander emotions to an expectant world, in spite of the undoubted fact that there can never have been a time when there was a greater supply of fine pianists ready to act as the interpreter to their House Beautiful. Strauss and Puccini write no sonatas for our Paderewskis; Elgar and Vaughan Williams no concertos for our Percy Graingers. M. Debussy, with the possible addition of M. Ravel, is the only composer of genius—for Max Reger is not allowed by everyone to possess genius—who writes for the poor piano with love and respect, entrusting to its medium the best that is in him, considering it as worthy of equal attention with the orchestra. The young musicians of ability will go to a piano recital if there is a new piece by Debussy or Ravel to be played, but they do not patronise the recitals of even the greatest performers, if the programme is confined to the works of their predecessors.

Pianists, it is true, prefer to solace their audience with compositions whose happy effect has long been proved, and amateurs who are ready to welcome the new as well as to enjoy the old are agreeably surprised when some bolder spirit offers them a pianistic novelty. That is why, then, in making our notes upon the last week's musical doings in London, we shall single out M. Schelling and Mr. Herbert Sharpe as those who have principally earned our gratitude: Both of these gentlemen played some piano music which was unknown to us, and worthy to be known by all who are interested in the literature of the piano. Mr. Sharpe's contribution was the more remarkable. This was a suite called "The Picture Show," by Moussorgsky. Composed in 1874, it had apparently never made its

way to London. But then the name of Moussorgsky was known to comparatively a small number of our amateurs until this year, when his operas raised him to a level of celebrity similar to that of Tschaikowsky himself. The pieces of which the suite is composed are intended to illustrate ten pictures, characteristic and fantastic, by Von Hartmann, an architect and artist, and a great friend of Moussorgsky. A gnome staggering along on little crooked legs; a troubadour singing before an old castle; a witch's hut; a ballet of chickens in their shells; a Polish cart with huge wheels, drawn by oxen; children quarrelling in the Tuileries Gardens; two Polish Jews; the market at Limoges; the Catacombs of Paris; the Gates of the Bohatyrs at Kieff—these are the pictures which make such an impression on Moussorgsky that he undertook to pass on the impression to us by means of music.

Some years ago we remember meeting a clever lady in London who undertook to draw the picture or pictures which any piece one chose to play suggested to her. While we played a study of Chopin, a legend of Liszt, or an intermezzo of Brahms, her rapid pencil drew the scene which she conceived the music to represent. Sometimes she succeeded most uncannily in realising the picture which was actually in the pianist's mind as he played the music. Sometimes she failed, as when the pianist had been thinking of a knight in armour and she drew a toothless old woman. But the fault lay in this sad instance with the pianist, not with the composer. Now, we wondered what she would have drawn while Mr. Sharpe played Moussorgsky's pictures. With the gnome, the market women, certainly the market women, the quarrelling children, and the massive gates of Kieff we think she might very well have succeeded; at any rate, these pieces, when the listener knows what they are intended to represent, do represent the subject admirably well. The Polish cart and the two Jews would doubtless have suggested to her something large and clumsy, and some sort of contrasted interests; but the catacombs and the witch's hut would have presented an insoluble problem. The dancing chickens might have been difficult, also, though when the clue has been given the music is seen to be really illustrative. The suite is doubly interesting. It shows Moussorgsky sticking manfully to his theory that Truth comes before Beauty in music, but it also shows the true musician's taste and sense of order in the arrangement of the pieces. For they hang together and contrast with each other as well as do the pieces of Schumann's "Carnaval," and lead up irresistibly to the fine climax which the splendid finale makes, with its bold illustration of the gates at Kieff, massive, Russian, strange, thrilling. The suite sounded, and probably is, very difficult to play, and Mr. Sharpe seemed to play it remarkably well. He had certainly so studied it that he was able to bring out the meaning in each of the pieces. We trust that his good example may be followed, and that we may have many opportunities of hearing the very original and interesting suite played by such pianists as have sufficient in-

telligence and cultivation to play it as well as Mr. Sharpe did. And while speaking of this concert we must not omit a word of cordial praise to his son, Mr. Cedric Sharpe, for his really fine performance of Bach's Suite for Violoncello in G.

The other novelty in the way of piano music was a set of four pieces called "Goyescas," by a Spanish composer, Señor Granados. The story of the inspiration of these pieces is as curious in its way as was that of Moussorgsky's pictures, and more imaginative still, for Señor Granados invented his subjects himself. Everyone who has been to Madrid remembers the famous picture by Goya of his patron and mistress, the fascinating Duquesa d'Alba. Señor Granados has not attempted to render those pictures into music, perhaps because he is so certain that no one who has seen them could ever forget them; we have need of music to stimulate his appreciation and his memory. But he has imagined the painter and his lady, disguised as a "Majo and Maja" (dare we say in English, as a "young 'toff' and his best girl"?), penetrating into odd corners of the people's life in Madrid, noting their gallantries, their courtships, their dances, their tender moments. As music, that of S. Granados may not compare with that of Moussorgsky in genius and value. It is light, gay, Chopinesque, Lisztian, elegant, charming, and too much spun out. Our young lady painter would certainly have known she was to illustrate it by Spanish scenes; but here the truth lies rather on the surface than at the bottom of the well. It was an agreeable diversion to hear these pieces, but not an education. M. Schelling's playing, always so refined, so musical, so much more directed to satisfy his own sense of homage to the composer than to tickle the easy ear of his audience, was throughout his recital as good as usual, a little cold and aloof, but none the worse for that.

If we seem to hold a much warmer language about the pianist at the last Philharmonic Concert, M. Josef Lhevinne, than about Mr. Sharpe and M. Schelling, we must not be taken as wishing at all to disparage, by means of comparison, those very gifted players. But in justice to M. Lhevinne we must record our belief that, on the evidence of his playing in Tchaikowsky's B minor Concerto, he can be classed only among the very elect. His technical gifts are amazing. He can do with the strings of the piano what Patti alone of singers could do with her voice, that is, vary the tone-colour in the most rapid passages. Of course, if he can do this, he can do everything he chooses. He chose to play the concerto which has been thundered by a thousand thumbs making themselves as pompous and imposing as possible, with no Olympic airs, no crashings and dashings, no Miss Wirt-like magnificence. How we thanked him for this admirable restraint! Truly he is a great artist who could thus resist the temptation to make the poor concerto a mean and vulgar display. He lacked nothing of the necessary fire and glow, but he did not pretend that you should represent Vulcan

forging the bolts of Jove by means of Tchaikowsky's music. His "encore" piece was a once favourite scherzo of an almost forgotten composer of piano music, one Felix Mendelssohn. Arabella Goddard and Charles Hallé used to play it to the writer of these lines, and thrill his soul by their crisp brilliancy, their airy touch on the keys in this graceful little piece. He sometimes has thought that none of the pianists of later days has such a crisp staccato as Arabella Goddard; but he will think so no longer, for M. Lhevinne's is as miraculous as hers.

The Magazines

FOR some readers the most attractive item in the *Fortnightly Review* for this month will be a poem by Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy), entitled "Isolation." We would exchange a good deal of Mr. Masefield's recent work for this; it will stand criticism, and is a fine conception. To an article on "Militant Methods" we have already referred. Mr. Edmund Gosse has a lengthy review of the Life of Lord Lytton; Mr. Belloc discusses "The Demand for Universal Service"; there are good articles on Ulster, Navy Estimates, and other problems of the day; and Miss May Sinclair contributes a story called "Appearances," which makes us enrol her with the school of Henry James; a magnificent little story it is, too.

Mr. Masefield's poem, "The River," which opens the *English Review*, tells of a wreck and an adventure which are merely fogged by rhyming. If he had written it as a sea-yarn in the style of his previous prose work we should have enjoyed it better. Mr. Wells in "The World Set Free" is in his best and most suggestive imaginative mood, and attempts prophecy in that confident, easy manner which comes from a basis of truth. "The Taboos of the British Museum Library," by E. S. P. Haynes, protests vigorously against the action of the authorities in rendering many books of medical and scientific value practically inaccessible to the public. Mr. Holbrook Jackson's essay on "The Creation of Taste" is a fine and closely reasoned study of a difficult subject. The stories in this number are of the usual notable quality.

The *British Review* has an amusing first article by Mr. G. K. Chesterton on "The Exclusiveness of Journalists," with a promise of more to follow on the same lines. Mr. Edward Storer treats of two more "Dramatists of To-day" with much critical insight; "Religious Drama," by W. L. George, "Ethnology at Louvain," by the Rev. C. Martindale, and "The Psychology of Science," by Stuart Menteath, help to form an excellent issue. A charming poem, "On Dawlish Warren," by Eden Phillpotts, will please all who value fine thought beautifully expressed.

The "Indian Unrest" is the subject of a startling article in the *Nineteenth Century*; in it Sir Henry

Prinsep explains the crime of dacoity which has become so frequent of late in Eastern Bengal, points out the difficulties of dealing with it, and blames the Government for not attempting to overcome those difficulties in a stern and capable manner. His lesson is that "the motives of an Indian Government, however benevolent, are at all times open to misconstruction and misrepresentation by those who are seditiously inclined." A fascinating essay by Mr. W. S. Lilly deals with "The Mystery of Sleep"—and of dreaming, we may add—and introduces several extraordinary but authenticated instances of prophetic dreams. There are many other very fine contributions in this number, the Irish problem being treated by the Earl of Dunraven, Sir H. Seton-Kerr, and Major Clive Morrison-Bell.

The *Cornhill Magazine* opens with another hitherto unpublished poem by E. B. Browning. "The Lost Tribes," by "George A. Birmingham," is continued. Mr. Arnold Lunn writes enthusiastically on "Ski-ing," and Mr. E. D. Rendall tells of "John Farmer at Harrow" and his musical work. An exceptionally interesting article by Dr. S. Squire Sprigge gives the original report of Dr. Brandreth on the accident to William Huskisson—the first railway accident—and discusses that report in its surgical aspect. Sir Henry Lucy and Sir James Yoxall are two other contributors to this good number.

Lord Amptill, the late Governor of Madras, puts "The Case for British Indians in South Africa" very cogently and clearly in the *Empire Review*, and argues that "from the lowest point of view it is to our interest, as well as to the interest of South Africa, to remove the grievance of this useful, law-abiding, and peaceable community." "Diplomatist" writes upon "The Temper of Europe," and Mr. A. W. Metcalfe treats of "Recent Aeronautical Progress in Relation to Sea Power."

Turning to the magazines devoted more to recreation of the mind than to weighty analyses of complex questions, we have the *Windsor* in the first rank with a splendid Christmas number containing contributions by Rider Haggard, Anthony Hope, Arnold Bennett, E. F. Benson, Barry Pain, "Q," Eden Phillpotts, and several other well-known writers. The director of the Guildhall Art Gallery writes about the treasures under his charge, the illustrations to his article being reproduced by permission of the Corporation of London. In *Harper's Magazine* Mr. Arnold Bennett begins a new novel entitled "The Price of Love." "A Pilgrimage to Arles," by Richard le Gallienne, is the best style of travel-article, and has some charming pictures. Mr. Thomas Hardy contributes a poem, "The Telegram," in the cold, sad mood of the majority of the "Wessex Poems," and Mr. Ernest Rhys has a skilful sonnet, "Words." *Scribner's Magazine* begins well with a story of the Hudson Bay Company, by Sir Gilbert Parker; following this is an article by Theodore Roosevelt on "The Life-History of the African Buffalo, Giant Eland, and Common Eland." Stories and

poems in this issue are above the average. These last two magazines are both special Christmas numbers, beautifully illustrated, the work of Elizabeth Shippen Green in *Harper's* being delightful.

The December number of the quarterly *Poetry and Drama* contains a poem by the Laureate, Robert Bridges. Other contributions include poems by Thomas Hardy, Walter de la Mare, Rupert Brooke, W. H. Davies, Harold Monro, a play ("The Golden Doom," performed at the Haymarket last year) by Lord Dunsany, an article on the Repertory Theatre by Basil Dean, chronicles on current English poetry by Dixon Scott and on the drama by Gilbert Cannan. The *Poetry Review* opens with an article on Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," by the editor, Mr. Stephen Phillips, and in respect to other matter is also of a high class. The best thing in the *Irish Review* is by Edward Martyn, on "Wagner's Parsifal, or the Cult of Liturgical Æstheticism"—a clever, well-reasoned, and forthright article. The *Three Arts Journal* for this month is a capital number; Mr. Charles Marriott writes amusingly—and truthfully—on "Posters"; Miss Cicely Hamilton has an essay—formerly a lecture—entitled "Does Art Matter?" and there are many other attractive pages; "The Student's Guide to the Arts," a dialogue, being exceedingly good this month. Mr. Algernon Blackwood contributes a thrilling little study to the special number of the *New Witness*, Mr. G. K. Chesterton writes on "The Resurrection of the Middle Ages," and Mr. Belloc has an article on "Silchester," which reconstructs the past in an effective and quite enthralling manner.

The November number of *Wild Life* is an excellent one. It is profusely illustrated with some very fine reproductions of photographs taken from the life, which will no doubt be valued by all naturalists. The most important of the articles is probably that on "The Pipistrelle," the first of a series about British bats, by Mr. Arthur Whitaker. This little creature is sometimes called the common bat, and with the possible exception of the pygmy shrew, is the smallest of our British mammals. The numerous illustrations show it at various stages of life and in almost every conceivable position. Another most entertaining article is one on "Birds in Love," and the picture of the gannet amorously wagging its head at the side of its lady fair cannot fail to raise a smile. Other contributions include "The Ant Lion," "Diving Birds," and "The Raven and the Hooded Crow," supplemented with "Notes from the Zoo."

Sir Herbert Tree has been asked by many persons who have witnessed the performance of "Joseph and His Brethren" to permit talking-machine records to be made of the ancient airs which Mr. Adolf Schmid, his musical director, has interpolated into the score. Some time ago the required permission was given to a firm of record-makers, and several excellent records have been obtained.

Holidays in Flanders

THE Flemish coast towns are widely advertised, but they are among the puffed things that are good. Any one of these towns is quite a pleasant place for a holiday, for when the weather is fine there is plenty of amusement on the coast, and when it is wet, there is Bruges with its beautiful churches and picture galleries to appeal to lovers of art.

The best form of holiday for some people is a change of air, and for others a change of scene; in Flanders one can have both. The coast towns may be like Brighton, but with a difference. On their sea fronts is none of the varied traffic of the King's Road. Again, at Brighton, you will not find any of those delightful open-air cafés with orchestras of charming young ladies playing on stringed instruments, so inviting to the passer-by from across the water. The air is as bracing as the breezes of Margate, without the glare of the chalk, and as exhilarating as the zephyrs of Bournemouth, without the melancholy of the pines. The change of food also is pleasant. Early breakfast with shrimps as a substitute for bacon seems strange, but is appetising. At more substantial meals there are the normal number of wings and breasts on the chicken, and not the abnormal excess of legs. The veal is good and the fish is fresh, and all so cheap—five francs a day if you know how to manage, but of course something more in the palaces nearer the sea. For strict teetotallers the water is a drawback; it does not look nice and has a taste. Mineral waters are cheap, but for a family of children that means half a franc a day added to the bill for each child.

For small children the sands are a paradise, and the absence of bye-laws and police is delightful. Bathing is not as free as it might be, but it is without restrictions as to swimming costumes. After all, if the well-grown young men and maidens are not permitted to exercise their muscles in swimming out to sea, why should they not have them recorded on the photographic plates of their friends as they recline in graceful attitudes on the damp sand? You may play ball or ride bicycles on the Digue, or dance there after dinner to the music of a barrel-organ. At the larger places these pleasures are less simple, and you dance at the Casino. The Digue is an esplanade of solid masonry and extends along the front of even those sand dunes that will be watering places in the future. In a few years it will be possible to navigate a sand-yacht along the Digue all the way from Holland to France, except where such business centres as ports interfere with holiday-makers' amusements. Knocke-sur-Mer is the most eastern watering place; an electric tram takes visitors through all the smaller towns to Ostend, thence to the western frontier. The line is just out of sight of the sea, but you sometimes get a race with a sand-yacht sailing along the Digue.

Duinbergen is unique in being built in the old

Flemish style on sand dunes that seem higher and firmer than elsewhere. Zee-Brugge is the port of Bruges, with a mole going a mile and a half out to the sea, but the town is at present merely wide streets, nicely paved, unbuilt on, save for six forlorn houses.

The overhanging windows of the narrow street of Blankenberghe have a fascinating suggestion of the Orient, but moucharabies and the dark oriental eyes are only there in imagination; the real orientals are selling rugs and brasses in the street. All through the day there is an exhilarating air upon the dunes and a tonic in the breezes from the sea, but after tea on the sea front a magnetic influence draws the visitor away from the bustle and gaiety to the quiet land lying behind the great hotels, restaurants, and shops. These lands are flat almost as the sea that once ebbled and flowed where sheep and cattle now dot the small fields. The farmer works his own little farm; here and there the green is chequered with patches of wheat or Indian corn.

As the sun sinks the white-washed walls are tinted with a golden pink to harmonise with the red roofs; shades of amber and violet relieve the monotonous green of the black poplars and grey willows; then a golden shimmer invades the darker shadows beneath the trees and hedges. The whole landscape is suffused in an aureate atmosphere, with here and there a sparkling diamond flashing colours as the sun is reflected, as from facets, from the metal points of a spire or the glass of a cottage window. Quickly the colours shift and change. The amber and violet disappear and deeper shades take their places. The trees turn purple above the haze that now half obscures the flat grass land, and the sky of blue, just shot with crimson, pales to a bluish grey. Even the red-tiled roofs have lost their ruddiness and the whole plain sinks into a shadow, with here and there a wind-mill or a tower silhouetted against the sky. Darker and darker grows the night; lights are twinkling in the cottage windows and stars are shining with a pale and feeble light; but soon the starlight is intensified as out of the profundity of the heavens myriads of constellations spread such a brilliance as is rarely seen, save from a mountain top, or on one of those rare clear nights in winter when a touch of frost is in the air.

A course of lectures will be delivered at the Royal Society of Arts under the Cobb Trust, established from the surplus of funds subscribed for a memorial to Mr. Francis Cobb, who died in 1901. The lecturer will be Mr. Plunket Greene, and the subject will be "The Singing of Songs, Old and New." A course of juvenile lectures to be delivered as usual during the Christmas holidays will be given by Mr. Howgrave Graham, and will deal in a popular way with the subject of wireless telegraphy. They will be very fully illustrated.

Notes and News

Mr. Arnold Haultain, Goldwin Smith's literary executor, is preparing a second series of his late chief's letters, and will be grateful to any friends of Goldwin Smith who will lend him, or send him copies of, any letters which the recipients think may or should be made public, other than those included in the first series (published last spring by Mr. Werner Laurie). Anything addressed care of the Bank of Montreal, 47, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., will be acknowledged.

The second annual Competitive Festival of the Rhodesian Eisteddfod is to be held at Salisbury, Rhodesia, on Whit-Monday next, June 1. Competitions are now open for a musical setting for a Rhodesian anthem; a poetical ode to Rhodesia; and a regimental march for the Southern Rhodesia Volunteers. A competitor may make as many efforts as he desires, but each must be accompanied by an entrance fee of 2s. 6d. and a separate sheet of paper on which must be written his full name and address, together with his pseudonym. Each poem or musical setting must bear the pseudonym only. All attempts must be in the hands of the Hon. Sec., Box 308, Bulawayo, on or before March 15, 1914. The adjudication of each of the items will be placed in the hands of recognised authorities.

The seventeenth issue of *Das Freie Wort*, an independent periodical appearing at Frankfort, contains an article by Mr. John Westbourne in reply to Pastor O. Umfried's recent book, "Europa den Europaern" (Europe for the Europeans). Mr. Westbourne, though fully appreciating the spirit that prompted the writing of the book, points to the impossibility of realising the Stuttgart Pastor's political ideal—viz., a Confederated Europe on the basis of the United States—not only because of race differences, but, above all, for the weighty reason that the leading European States are no longer purely European Powers, but World-Powers. Against the idea of a Confederated Europe he upholds that of a British-German-American Federation, and ably puts forward the advantages which such a Federation would confer, not only on the parties concerned, but on all Europe.

A work dealing with the Land Question and containing a careful examination of the statements of the Secret Land Committee of Enquiry has been prepared by Mr. Adeane of Babraham, and Mr. Edwin Savill, and will be published early next year by Mr. Murray. As Mr. Adeane and Mr. Savill are two of the recognised leading authorities on this subject, considerable importance will attach to this work.

The shilling editions of Mr. Arthur C. Benson's "The Thread of Gold" and "The House of Quiet" have been so successful that Mr. Murray has determined to add to his Shilling Series the same author's "The Schoolmaster," which comments on the aims and methods of a public school.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

PEACE AND GOODWILL AMONG THE NATIONS.

THROUGH the medium of statements in the Press bearing the mark of inspiration, emphasis has been laid upon the loyalty of the new French Ministry to the foreign policy that was pursued by the former Government. Some assurance of this character was certainly required in view of the distrust with which the accession to office of M. Caillaux was regarded by the friends of France. The origin of this distrust dates back to the time of the last Moroccan crisis. It will be recalled that the downfall of M. Caillaux, then in power, was brought about because he was unable to resist the charge levelled against him that without the knowledge of France's partners, England and Russia, and even behind the back of his own Cabinet, he had privately been negotiating for an understanding with Germany. The Agadir incident is still so fresh in the memory as to render impolitic any attempt to revive the controversy. M. Caillaux admits this much, but declares that when the true history of the great crisis, which has yet to be written, is forthcoming, it will be found that the allegations against his straightforwardness have no basis. In the meantime, a communication clearly published in his interest affords more than a clue to what actually occurred. It would appear that M. Caillaux employed his private friends and connections as a means of exacting information, that the information so obtained was placed at the disposal of the plenipotentiaries negotiating on behalf of France, and that there was no question of concealment from England and Russia. Lest it may be supposed that M. Caillaux was at least guilty of an indiscretion in making use of personal channels, we should hasten to add that similar methods are frequently resorted to in diplomacy. Unfortunately, in this instance the author fell a victim to party warfare. Until fairly represented in the pages of history, the incident might well have been left to oblivion had it not been for the fact that M. Caillaux has again attained to high office, and that in these circumstances he is naturally anxious to clear his reputation and at the same time assure the friends of France that he upholds the policy of the Triple Entente with no less enthusiasm than did his opponents and predecessors.

It is now generally admitted that, granted wise statesmanship in control, no better system than that existing in the grouping of the Powers can be devised for the maintenance of peace. That of late this system has been subjected to severe trial cannot be denied. The ever-present knowledge that isolated action on the part of any nation was not to be contemplated, and that in the case of war the area of operations would extend to the whole of Europe has acted as a salutary deterrent to overt provocation. As was only to be expected the strain imposed in moments of anxiety has been in proportion to the realisation of the horror and devastation that would accompany an unfavourable

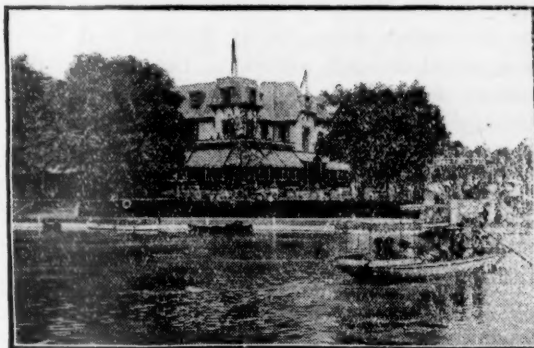
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GEORGE GRAY v. CLAUDE FALKINER.

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issue. For that reason alone the diplomacy of sanity has been permitted again and again to triumph. The removal of Morocco and the Near East from the zone of European complication has left a calm that has given the Powers a period in which dispassionately they may discuss the problems that await solution in the Middle East. Deliberations in regard to this region have been proceeding for some time, and in no quarter has the slightest irritation exhibited itself. Soon the terms of the agreement between England and Germany will be announced. Here it may be remarked that the conspicuous and disinterested part played by Sir Edward Grey during the Near Eastern crisis tended in no small measure to bring about the consummation devoutly wished for throughout Europe, of an improvement in the relations between this country and Germany. As an outcome of the consideration of questions arising from the Balkan War, attention was compelled in the direction of the Middle East. Here was ground where the interests of the two Powers met and might come into conflict: Germany with her Baghdad railway concession and Great Britain with her sphere of influence in the Persian Gulf and adjacent territory. But so soon as the international situation ceased to emit sparks and the material of which it disposed became less inflammable than had hitherto been the case the region east of the Bosphorus afforded an admirable venue for the reconciliation of German and English points of view.

Whatever Chauvinists may say to the contrary, the Imperial sentiment of Great Britain has with perfect consistency felt a genuine appreciation of Germany's reasonable desire for expansion. The difficulty with which statesmen were confronted was to find a basis for compromise such as would not lend the appearance of craven submission to the array of force. We believe that out of evil good has come, the war in the Near East having rendered pressing a solution of the problems of the Middle East and thus brought together at the conference table Great Britain and Germany.

As is usual in such instances, the agreement to be arrived at will not be found to satisfy the fervid patriots in both countries. That circumstance will in itself be at least some evidence that the diplomatists have done their work conscientiously; and as time elapses the feeling will spread that they have been animated by the motive of paramount importance—the substitution of a friendly for a merely formal peace in Europe. In arriving at an arrangement with Germany we are acting in concert with France and Russia, and are only following the example set by these Powers. This action is thoroughly consistent with Sir Edward Grey's policy of attracting to ourselves new friends while sacrificing no old ones. It is opportune that at this moment M. Caillaux, new to office, should go out of his way to explain that he, acting on behalf of France, has never departed from the spirit of the Entente Cordiale. The year now closing will therefore end not only with universal peace, but with universal goodwill among the nations.

MOTORING

ONE of the most important questions for the consideration of the vast majority of motorists is that of insurance. It may be presumed that there are few who are so oblivious to the risks they necessarily run as to neglect to take out a policy of some sort; but it is to be feared that there are many who rest content with the mere possession of a policy of any description, taking it for granted that it affords them immunity against all the possible consequences of accidents they may encounter on the road. It is common nowadays, of course, to expect and to see that the policy covers liability to the public, or "third-party risk" as it is termed. But how many motorists realise that they have responsibilities in connection with the friends who may accompany them in their cars, and that these risks are usually excluded by the insurance companies? In a recent case, Mr. Justice Ridley said: "It might be thought by some people that a man could not be guilty in the eyes of the law if a passenger in his car had not paid; but that was not so. It could not be suggested that, because the plaintiffs were gratuitous passengers, the defendant owed no duty to them." This means that in the eyes of the law the owner or driver of a car is responsible for injuries, etc., to any of his passengers arising from any accident in connec-

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tion with which negligence is proved against him; and negligence is very often difficult to disprove, even in cases where there has been none. The obvious moral is that the motorist should see that his policy covers this particular risk, in addition to that of third-party claims, although it will involve a slight addition to his premium.

In an interesting article on "Popular Motoring," *The Motor* points out that useful service to a large class of motorists would be rendered if owners of small cars would carefully record and publish the results of their motoring experiences in the matter of running costs. As our contemporary remarks, there is no class in the community to which the economical running of the car is so important as to medical men, and the suggestion is especially commended to them. Of course, many doctors already make a practice of noting their expenses, but the published records of these are sometimes misleading, owing to a lack of uniformity in the methods adopted, important items being frequently omitted. Our contemporary suggests the following details as affording a comprehensive table of costs:—Petrol, oil and grease, repairs and replacements, sundries (tools and spares), tyres, tyre repairs, housing and cleaning, driver's wages (if any), insurance, licence and taxes. This list would cover the running expense, whilst 20 per cent. should be deducted annually for depreciation in order to ascertain with approximate accuracy the inclusive cost of motoring.

Members of the Automobile Association and Motor Union should note that they are entitled to report to the secretary all cases in which they may find the road conditions unsafe for night driving. During the past month the association has got into touch with a number of local authorities, railway and other corporations, with regard to roads covered with stones and left unrolled until the next morning, badly lit railway and canal bridges, and dangerous cross-roads which could be made much safer for night travellers driving at reasonable speed if the corners were properly rounded off. The secretary of the Association will welcome all such reports and suggestions, and will take the necessary action thereon as soon as they are brought to his notice.

We have received from Messrs. D. Napier and Son, Ltd., a copy of their catalogue for 1914. As an artistic production it surpasses anything of the kind previously issued, and reflects great credit upon the present publicity department of the firm. The dominant feature of the publication is the series of coloured illustrations of the various types of Napiers which show these famous vehicles in picturesque surroundings and display the superb "Cunard" body-work to the best advantage. But there are many other features of interest to the general motorist as well as to the Napier user, and, taken all round, it is decidedly the best motoring catalogue we have seen. A copy will be sent to any motorist on application to the Company at 14, New Burlington Street, W.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THERE is even less business this week than there was last; but it is usual to expect dull trade on the Stock Exchange at the end of the year, and the speculator seldom jumps into an account that is broken up by a holiday. Trade throughout the country is gradually falling away, but 1913 has been one of extraordinary prosperity as far as the manufacturer is concerned. On the Stock Exchange it has been one of liquidation, bad business and serious losses. Hardly anyone has made money. But what we ask to-day is, will 1914 show any improvement? It is difficult to forecast the coming year. I confess that I am not optimistic; there are numberless loans to be floated, more than during the year now coming to an end, and the amounts talked of are prodigious. Of course the banks do not have to find more than ten per cent. of the new money. The balance is practically a book entry, but even this ten per cent. is a serious amount and other securities will have to be sold in order to provide the cash. It is quite a mistaken idea to suppose that when a country borrows ten millions that the whole of this money has to be found. A great portion of it has already been lent and the ten millions spent long before the loan makes its appearance. It would seem that Paris does not like the future. As she will have to find most of the money, her present disquietude is disconcerting. As I have before pointed out, London will not take a big part in the new issues. Barings will probably take charge of the Russian loans, but it is doubtful whether the Balkan issues will be offered here at all.

All the talk at the moment is about the big electrical scheme, and holders of Electric Lighting shares are beginning to see that they will shortly be rewarded for their patient waiting. For the past two years I have steadily advised investors to buy Electric Lighting shares, and, whether the scheme goes through or not, they cannot lose money, even at the present quotations. The debentures of the present companies will remain, but about five millions of 4½ per cent. debentures will be issued in order to find the money to float the new scheme. Preference shareholders in the existing companies will be asked to exchange into "B" 5 per cent. Debentures. Altogether the total capital of the new combine is expected to be about twenty millions, and of this six millions will be 6 per cent. Preference shares and four millions Ordinary shares. The preference shareholders appear to be treated fairly well, but not with generosity. Ordinary shareholders are to get £100 of new 6 per cent. Preference shares for each £5 of income they now receive. The ordinary share capital will be divided as follows: one-third to the existing holders, a second third will be reserved to the companies and divided according to their reserves, earnings and future prospects, and the balance of 1,333,000 shares will be held over. After paying debenture interest it is believed that the present earnings should produce almost £800,000 and this amount will be largely increased when the scheme is in full working order.

The New Issues are not particularly enticing. Greater Omnibus Services is one of the most ridiculous propositions that has been put before the investor for a long time. If there is one thing that is needed in running an omnibus company, it is depreciation. Yet this enterprise proposes

to start with second-hand 'buses. The first prospectus appeared in July last and the issue was practically a failure. The financial scheme has been rearranged and the public are asked to apply for £200,000 6 per cent. Guaranteed Ordinary Shares. Although the first prospectus was issued in July last, no business appears to have been done. The so-called guarantee of 6 per cent. is really to be paid by the shareholders themselves as it is to be secured by an annuity policy.

Mappin and Webb is one of the best managed businesses in Great Britain and they have offered £150,000 5½ per cent. Preference shares. I need hardly say that those who put their money into this company will never regret it. It is a thoroughly sound investment. Tramways Light and Power is offering £200,000 5 per cent. Debenture stock. I confess that I view the undertaking with great uncertainty. No doubt it is honestly run, but it seems very speculative and I do not think there is any future for tramway companies. I cannot, therefore, advise an investment. The Royal Securities Corporation are offering £156,400 5 per cent. Bonds of the Calgary Power Company at 90. The net earnings for 1913 after paying interest charges are given as 90,700 dollars, but after paying all the debentures there will only be about 37,000 dollars surplus. This is cutting the thing very fine.

MONEY.—The German Bank rate was reduced to 5 per cent. I confess that after all the President of the Reichsbank had said that the reduction surprised me. Indeed, it is unprecedented that the bank should reduce its rate just before the end of the year. Anti-Germans call it swank, and really, I think the criticism hits the nail on the head. The position as far as London is concerned remains the same. We shall get cheap money next year but we must not look for any fall until the middle of January. A great many people talk of a money trust in London just as they used to talk of one in New York. But this is mere nonsense. No such trust exists unless we may consider the instinct of self-preservation which compels all the great banks to act on a uniform principle to be a trust. Some people say that the joint stock banks have been drawing money out of the Bank of England in order to make the position appear worse. I do not believe that any such manœuvre has taken place. Our joint stock banks are managed with great skill and exceeding caution, but they are managed without the least suspicion of trickery.

FOREIGNERS.—The Foreign market continues very weak. In France politics appear to have got upon everybody's nerves and Paris is in a very uneasy condition. I have before pointed out that there is something seriously wrong in France, both financially and politically. Chinese have been weak, and for some time past the Chinese representatives here have been urging the financiers to lend them more money, but up to the present none of the group has yielded and at the moment I see no sign that the Chinese will be able to float a new loan. Extravagant terms are offered, but all to no avail. Matters in Brazil go from bad to worse and all Brazilian securities have been very flat. Russians, in view of the big new issue, are kept hard. Tintos remain weak, and I urge holders to read the article in the current issue of the *Mining Magazine*. The facts may be relied upon.

HOME RAILS.—In spite of the fact that the end of the year is rapidly approaching and that we shall soon be able to make intelligent guesses as to the dividends, there is no business in the Home Railway market. There is very little selling and prices keep fairly hard considering the general depression. Great Northern Deferred have been bid for and Great Western are also a shade better, but the speculative counters got no support. Under-

ground Incomes are weak and it is feared that the figures for the year will not be good.

YANKEES.—In the American market the failure of the New Haven to pay a dividend had a very bad effect. No one in Wall Street ever expected that any dividend could be paid and the position of the company has been known for sometime past. Nevertheless, the official announcement came as a shock to many. A receiver has been appointed to the Missouri, Oklahoma and Gulf. This road has issued bonds both here and in France. It is not an important railway, but as I have often said, we shall get a great many of these small lines in the Receiver's hands before the end of 1914. Steels have been weak and Amalgamated are also dull. The "bears" are never tired of selling Canadas. They will overdo the thing and a reaction must come. Yet Canadian Pacifics are not worth 200. Brazil Prefs. are weak; the railway will see even worse days in 1914.

RUBBER.—There is very little to record in the Rubber market. Mr. Wickham has floated his machine into a small company with a capital of £15,000, and it is said that Mr. Lampard was willing to have paid him this sum for the rights. However, Mr. Wickham preferred to keep the concern in his own hands. Dalkeith report is out, but the company is without funds, and no one should hold the shares. Langen (Java) all-in costs are 1s. 11d., and are down 8d. on the year. The profit is £20,434, and the dividend has been reduced from 6 per cent. to 4 per cent. Here again the company is short of working capital, consequently £16,000 is carried to reserve. This week's auction will not be of any importance; it was hoped that the price would harden temporarily, but we have not touched bottom in rubber as yet.

OIL.—In the Oil market prices sag and North Caucasian and Schibaieffs, in which large "bull" accounts exist, have both been sold. It is openly said that the Germans intend to make the report of the Premier Pipe as bad as possible in order to obtain complete control of the company. They now refuse to write down the preference shares, and the committee of shareholders are still fighting both the Germans and the shareholders who are opposed to the committee.

MINES.—The Barnato group have announced their dividends. They are good. Knights has done well. This mine is one of the soundest in the Kaffir group. Chartered have been bid up, and we are now told that the company will do a little towards meeting the wishes of those who live in Rhodesia. How kind! But I see no future for any mining venture, whether in Rhodesia or on the Rand. The craze for mines has been killed by the magnates. The Robinson people have come out well in their deal with Crown Mines, and the terms made are excellent—for Robinson, which was a dead mine.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The National Steam Cars report was disgustingly bad. The old, old question of depreciation again crops up. The dividend could never have been paid if the profit and loss account had been debited with a correct depreciation. Breweries have been steady, but I think that they are quite high enough. Royal Mails keep weak, and should be sold. All Electric Light shares are strong, and again I repeat that they are undervalued to-day. They pay 5 per cent., and even if the scheme does not go through they are not at their correct quotations. The market is a poor one, and the jobbers have too much control. A good steady demand would put up the whole list 25 per cent.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

The production of oil from the wells of the Galician Oil Trust Company amounted during the past year to 52,160

tons, for which an average price of £2 3s. per ton was realised, and it is satisfactory to note that the chairman, Mr. E. T. Boxall, was able to announce that the profits realised so far since the end of the financial year have been more than 50 per cent. higher. The production of oil from the company's properties is quite sufficient to show a good return on the capital, but the acquisition of new properties which the directors have undertaken considerably enhances the prospects of the undertaking.

CORRESPONDENCE

"IT IS I" AND "IT IS ME."—I.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

In explaining any irregularity in any language, there is but one method:—

1. Ascertain the Regular construction;
2. Ascertain the cause of Irregularity.

A. ABBOTT, D.D.

Sir,—Between March 19 and April 16, 1910, I had a long controversy with an "Old Linguist," in THE ACADEMY, on the question as to whether "It is I" was to be considered more correct than "It is me." My opponent, who was in favour of "It is me," dealt very conscientiously and very learnedly with the points in favour of his favourite expression. On the other hand, I did my best to prove my case. As no linguists interfered to throw the decisive light on the matter, the discussion died a natural death, neither of the advocates being able to convince the other. The subject was therefore allowed to drop. My interest in the question was even beginning to flag, when, one evening, having to make my way through a thick crowd, who were listening to some favourite street-speaker, the following discussion reached my ear:—

A man in the crowd: "You yourself said so, just now."

The Speaker: "Me? (= you charge me with having said so?) No, I never said so."

This *I* and that *me* were a revelation—nay, more, they were quite an education to me. I immediately thought: If, as Latham says, *me* is to be treated as a nominative, why did not the speaker use *me* in both cases? Why did he not say: "*me* never said so"? Is it not because *me* is considered more as an *accusative* than as a *nominative*? It might be urged that in Dan Michael of Northgate's Sermon on Matthew XXIV, 43,—quoted by my critic ("An Old Linguist," on April 16, 1910), "*Me* dolue (*break into*) his hous," *me* seems really to be in the nominative and in the first person singular, as it entirely differs from the passage in Gloucester's Chronicle—also quoted by that correspondent—"As *me* doth zut nou (still)." In the latter case, it is evident that *me* is not the pronoun *me*, i.e., the equivalent of *I*, pronoun of the first person, as, otherwise, the verb which agrees with it would have been in the *first person* and not in the *third*, which is the case here. I may say that, regarding the former sentence, the verb *break* does not show any of the visible signs of the ordinary endings of the third person singular of the present indicative (*th*, *eth*, or *s*), merely because it is in the subjunctive, which mood has no inflection at all. This will, I hope, go far to prove, and that, in an irrefutable manner, *me*, here, is not the genuine personal pronoun *me*, but that it has retained, under the circumstances, one of its original meanings (*one* or *man*).*

* (a) *Me*, indef. pron. Obs. Also *ma* (a further reduced form of *Men pron.*, weakened from *MAN pron.*)=*One*.

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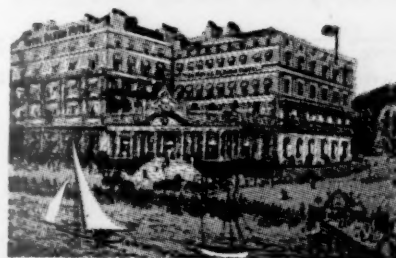
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Telegrams:
"Brilliancy, Brighton."

On this point, Dr. Latham says: "We may call *me* a secondary nominative; in as much as such phrases as *it is me* = *it is I* are common.

"Now to call such expressions incorrect English is to assume the point. No one says that *c'est moi* is bad French, and *c'est je* is good.† The fact is, that the whole question is a question of degree."

With due deference to Dr. Latham and to all the authorities that are of the same opinion, I shall try to prove that, if *moi* is a nominative in French, *me*, which is given as being in the equivalent case in English, should rather be treated as the *dative* or *accusative*, just like our French pronoun *me*, which is always in the *dative* or *accusative*, as:—

Il *me* l'a dit—He told *me* so (dat.).

Il *me* bat—He strikes *me* (acc.).

Let us now have recourse to the Anglo-Saxon declension of the pronoun of the first person:—

Nominative, *ic* = *I*;

Genitive, *min* = *my*;

Dative, *mec*, *meh* = *to me*;

Accusative (objective) *me*, *meh*, *mec* = *me*.

In this declension, I see no trace at all of *me* in the nominative case.

Dr. Johnson says: "In A.S., *mec* or *meh* is generally treated as the *dative* form; though it is *accusative* as well. In German, *mich* is the *accusative* form exclusively; the *dative* being *mir* (Moesogothic *mis*); a form to which there is no equivalent in English, etc.

"That *me* and *I* stand in an etymological relation to each other is a mere fiction of the grammarian, for the sake of getting something like a series of cases. They are different words; *I* being defective in the oblique cases, and *me* (in general)† defective in the nominative, etc.

"Now, in all the languages more especially akin to our

1426 *Andelay Poems* 9 To do as thou woldest *me* dud by the.

1483 *Caxton Dialogues* 6/20 Things that ben used after the hous, of whiche *me* may not be withoute.—Murray's Eng. Dictionary.

(b) *On*, in the twelfth century *om*, and earlier *hom*, is simply the Latin word *homo*, and means properly a man: *On lui amène son destrier* (=a man brings him his war-horse).

At first there was no distinction between *homme* and *on*, and the word *om* was used for both meanings; thus, in the sense of *homo*, people said: *Li om que je vis hier, est mort* (=the man whom I saw yesterday is dead).—Brachet's Gr. p. 241 (accidence Pt. 1).

† In the old French language, people used to say: *je qui avais*. Example: *je qui chantai jadis Typhon* (Scarron). We still have in our legal parlance a relic of this surviving usage in the expression *je soussigné*.

At the end of the twelfth century, *moi* was added to *je*. Hence the expressions: *moi, je viens*; *c'est moi qui viens*. In French parsing, we treat *je* as the real subject of the verb, and *moi* as the pleonastic subject, used merely to give more force to *je*. For instance, in answer to this question: *Qui osera faire cela? Je le ferai* has not the same vigour as *C'est moi qui le ferai! Moi, je le ferai!*

† The expression "in general" struck me; I inquired into the matter and could not find any trace of it in the old editions of Dr. Johnson's dictionary, which leads me to suppose that it was added by the Editor after the death of Dr. Johnson.

own, and known by the name Indo-European, this difference exists, i.e., *I* is never a form of *me*."§

In French poetry we have:—

"*Moi, comme un apostat, renier mes beaux jours. . . jamais!*"—V. Hugo.

Here, *moi renier* is meant for *moi, je renierai!* We have also, in conversation, *moi, vous faire des reproches!* for *moi, je vous ferai des reproches!*

Another interesting fact: When France introduced her language into her Colonies, the uneducated natives took immediately to the condensed form (which is still in use there) in preference to the more elaborate one.

EXAMPLE.

Moi faire ça demain = *je* I will do that to-morrow, *ferai cela demain.* ADOLPHE BERNON.

(To be concluded.)

SELBORNE NESTING BOXES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Last year the Press gave very material help to our work by spreading the useful suggestion that the nesting boxes for birds, from the sale of which the Brent Valley Bird Sanctuary derives considerable benefit, form very suitable Christmas presents. The letters which we are receiving show that bird lovers are still of the same opinion, but there must be some to whom the idea has not been presented, and I trust that by your kind aid the matter may be brought under their notice. I am, your obedient servant,

WILFRID MARK WEBB,
Chairman of the Brent Valley Bird
Sanctuary Committee and Secretary of the
Selborne Society.

42, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.

PERIODICALS.

Bookseller; Publishers' Circular; The Author; Land Union Journal; Cambridge Magazine; The Biblot; Literary Digest; London University Gazette; Revue Bleue; Revue Critique; Wednesday Review; M.A.B.; Irish Review; Who's Who, 1914; Who's Who Year-Book, 1914-15; Writers' and Artists' Year-Book, 1914; Englishwoman's Year-Book and Directory, 1914; Cambridge University Reporter; Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage, 1914; The Bodleian; Penrose's Pictorial Annual; Libraries, Museums, and Art Galleries Year-Book, 1914; Hazell's Annual, 1914; Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society; United Empire; The Periodical; Whitaker's Almanack, 1914; Whitaker's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage, 1914.

§ Even before the middle of the twelfth century, the difference between *I* and *me* already existed: *I* was the subject of the verb, and *me* was put in the objective case either by a transitive verb or by a preposition.

EXAMPLES.

(a) *Swa ibrice ic mine* = as (sure as) *I* enjoy my rice. Kingdom, as sure as *I* am a King.

(b) *Unwraсте man wat macede zēu an alle mire* = Wretched men, what made you, in all my empire, rice that zie hatrede and to contend against *me* with widerwardnesse azenes *me*. hatred and hostility.

(*Azen*, prep = against).

Dr. Morris's Specimens
of Early English, Part I,
p. 289.